C-121-5-6

Wm Brouscombe 30 Nov 05

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 41 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 7, 1904. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Strength at Eventide.

A man of indomitable energy and tireless persistence from the beginning of his public career, General Booth, the Father of the Salvation Army, shows the same spirit in this the evening of his long, full day of life. His recent evangelistic tour from Land's End to Aberdeen by automobile was an undertaking that would have daunted almost any other man of seventy-five years, but he entered upor it with the enthusiasm of youth, and that, too, immediately after the recent International Congress of the Army in London, where within four short weeks he was the chief speaker at fifty meetings besides speaking briefly at several others.

The motor-car campaign started on August 9, from Penzance, and closed some four weeks later, in Aberdeen. In speaking of the tour, a few days before he set out, General Booth said: 'It is anticipated that it will take me a month, and they are arranging three meetings a day for me, with little gatherings in between. But they are permitting me to have a holiday on the Saturdays.'

The General's idea was to give to struggling corps in out-of-the-way places the stimulus and spiritual uplift that they felt would come to them through a personal visit from their leader, while at the same time he and his party would do evangelistic work wherever they went. The party travelled in four automobiles, and their brief stay in many villages will undoubtedly mark an epoch for many years to come.

The day is past when the more conventional Christian bodies were wont to ridicule the Salvation Army and its methods. Differ from it they may, dislike it even if they choose, yet they cannot but honor it for all it has accomplished in social reform, in the moral regeneration of the outcast and forsaken. Its shelters, its rescue houses, its prison gate missions, its labor colonies and its countless other agencies, all these are a vindication of the Army and, in a very large measure, are a monument to the personality at its head, to the General's ardent enthusiasm for humanity and his deep sympathy for suffering.

GENERAL BOOTH.

With the Army as it is to-day, and with its recent history, we are all more or less familiar, yet to have a real grasp of its strenuous spirit, we need to recall something of the earlier life of the one whom we recognize at the present moment as the Rev. William Booth.

He was born in 1829 and after a very limited education began life as a pawnbroker's assistant. Here, when a boy of fifteen, he became convicted of sin, and was converted, joined the Methodists, and, leaving the shop, became an Evangelist and lay preacher. His zealous, open-air preaching displeased the ruling element in the Methodist body, and he severed his connection with it. Influenced by Catherine Mumford, whom he afterwards married, he united with the Congregationalists, and began to study for the ministry of that church. Here, too, he felt the trammels of what was to him a narrow orthodoxy, and again his independent spirit threw off the bonds, and he once more sought a spiritual fold. Just about that time a secession from the Wesleyans had formed the Methodist New Connexion, and this body General Booth joined, working as one of its ordained ministers for six years, when conflicts and differences again arose with the conservative element in the church.

Matters were brought to a head by the action of his wife, Mrs. Booth, who was a woman of altogether exceptional character, and who played a great part in the foundation of the Salvation Army, from the first concerning herself actively in her husband's evangelical work. She preached and taught. The old-fashioned members of the Methodist New Connexion objected. They quoted Paul's injunction against women preaching, but, as they were unwilling to lose William Booth's services, they suggested as a compromise that he should remain in the Society if his wife would keep silence. 'Never,' she cried from the gallery of the Conference Hall. William Booth, one with her in her resolve, refused to accept these terms, and for the third time he abandoned a church connection which did nothing but hamper his initiative.

Henceforth he and his wife kept themselves absolutely independent of all churches. They commenced an evangelical mission of their own, preaching first in Cornwall, then in Cardiff, and then in Walsall, where they organized a 'Hallelujah band' of converted criminals and others. In 1864 they returned to London. The work grew. Their energy was indomitable. They labored incessantly. Their mission became the East London Revival Society, then the East London Christian Mission, then, as their operations expanded, the 'East London' was dropped, and the title was simply the Christian Mission. Lastly, in 1878 it became the Salvation Army—a most happy name which crystallized the aspirations of its leader—and as the Salvation Army the humble evangelical mission founded by William Booth and his wife forty years ago has spread over Britain and America and South Africa and Australasia, has sent branches to many of the countries of Europe, and even to the nations of the East, and is now one of the greatest organizations of the Christian world and one of the most powerful factors in the religious life of great masses of our people.

The record of the motor-car journey which General Booth has recently completed, and the

remarkable scenes which have been witnessed at every point on the long route, show how great is the hold which his striking personality has come to have upon the people of the day and how high is the regard felt for his work.

The picture we give of the General is one of the latest.

'My Pride Won't Let Me.'

A CABBY'S STORY.

'Mornin', sir,' said Gentleman Jem, as I mounted to my chosen seat beside him. I always took Jem's cab when I could, for he knew the ins and outs of London driving better than any cabby I knew, and was very kind to his horses.

Many an interesting talk we had, for both of us had knocked about the world a great deal, and Jem enjoyed talking about 'furrin parts.' There were traces of far-off refinement and gentle up-bringing still clinging to him, traces that had earned for him his nickname.

To-day he was unusually taciturn until, as we turned into a quieter street, he suddenly said, 'I had a fare yesterday morning, whom I drove from one place to another for two hours, and if I'd just turned and said four words to him it would have been worth more than a thousand pounds to me!'

'What do you mean?' I asked in astonishment.

'I don't know why I seem to want to tell you, sir,' he replied; 'but my heart is full to-day, that's a fact, and you're a gentleman, and have always been friendly to me.

'I was born and brought up in a beautiful home. My parents were rich and aristocratic, and I had every advantage they could give me, or that money could buy. But at Oxford I got mixed up with bad company, gambling, and the turf, and from that it was not far to the money-lender's hands. I became desperately involved, and to get free I did something that would have brought me inside a prison. To escape that, I left my country and lived in a wild, harum-scarum life at the ends of the earth. I knew that at home my mother would be breaking her heart about me and that my father's grey hairs would go down with sorrow to the grave. For years, in English and Colonial papers, there were advertisements begging me to come home, and saying that all was arranged and forgiven.

'At last I got tired of my prodigal life, and had such a longing for the old country that I worked my passage back, and then, as I had always been fond of horses, I hadn't much trouble in getting a job as driver.

'I had let my beard grow, and hot suns and hard living, to say nothing of shame and sorrow, had altered me so much that nobody would have recognized me as the stripling that ran away. I changed my name, and talked as the other fellows talk to make the disguise sure. And all these twenty years nobody has known me, though I have known many. But that gentleman, who was my fare yesterday and sat by my side so long, was my twin brother.

'I knew him in a moment, and it made my hand shake on the reins more than once as he chatted to me. And if I had only said to him, "How are you, Will?" it would have been all right there and then. But I never said a word.

'Yes, my mother's gone to rest years ago, but father is alive, and there's love and forgiveness, and a fortune waiting for me still, if only I'd go home; but I can't—my pride won't let me. I shall live and die a cabby, and nobody be any the wiser.'

I pleaded with him to alter his decision, but I used my utmost eloquence in vain.

'No, sir, it's no use, I can't go back; my pride won't let me, and, besides, I'm too old to alter my way of life now. No, you must excuse me, I cannot give you the address. But this is the place you wanted; three and six, and thank you.' And then, signalling to another fare, and touching his hat to me in true cabby fashion, he whipped up his horse and drove off.

I was summoned away from town soon afterwards, and never saw him again. But he kept to his stubborn and misguided resolve to live and die a cab-driver. A few more months of toiling in all weathers on the box, and then came pneumonia, and he, the heir to thousands, died in a workhouse hospital, unwept and unknown.

'Oh, the pity of it!' men and women will say in reading his story. 'The pity and the folly of allowing pride to come between him and all that love and life could give!' But the true pity is, not that one man should so perversely stand in his own light, but that Satan has so darkened the eyes of thousands.

For sin-worn, toiling souls, groping and struggling afar from God, there is love and forgiveness and rest to be had for the asking, and an inheritance compared with which the richest fortune on earth is but the bauble of an hour.

But pride, or that other stumbling-block so often used by the arch-enemy, 'I'm too old to alter now,' keeps them back from God.

And though Jesus, the great Saviour of mankind, comes near, yearning to make peace and reveal himself in all his fulness of grace and power, they deliberately, and of set choice turn away, locking heart and lips against him and 'never say a word.' May this true story show to some starving soul the folly of silence and rejection, and open the way back to him and wealth, and all the fulness of blessing included in at-one-ness with God!—M. R. Jarvis, in the 'Christian.'

Answered Prayer.

In his book, 'Foreign Missions,' Dr. A. C. Thompson gives the following instances where prayer for missions has met with a speedy answer.

A missionary of the American Board among the Mahrattas, in India, once wrote thus: 'The first Monday in January, 1833, I shall ever remember. At our morning prayers in the native language three strangers were present, who said they had come to inquire about the "new way." At ten o'clock, Babajee returned from his morning visit to the poor-house in an ecstasy of joy, saying, "The poor people all come about me inquiring, 'What shall we do?'" I appointed an inquiry meeting at three o'clock to-day, and to my surprise there were sixteen present. A heavenly influence, I am persuaded, was with us. Our Christian friends in America must be praying for us.'

The missionary afterwards learned that the day had been set apart by the General Assembly in the United States, and by other bodies of Christians, as a day of fasting and of prayer for the heathen world.

A lady missionary of the American Board was stricken down by an epidemic; recovery seemed doubtful. As she lay upon her couch, feverish and restless, a sudden and singular calm came over her.

Just then a co-laborer at the same station came in to inquire how she was, yet fearing the worst.

'I am better, decidedly better,' she replied; 'I think I shall get well. I have had the very strangest feeling come over me the last hour, as if I had new life. I don't understand it.' Presently she added, 'I believe I know what it is. I am sure some one is praying for me. I think I will try to prove it.' She then asked the nurse to bring her Daily Food, and, turning to the day of month, marked it.

Many weeks afterwards a letter came to her, saying, 'In January I attended a meeting of the Woman's Board in Pilgrim Hall, Boston, and I wish you could have heard the earnest prayer offered for you by ——,' naming a person who had led in the intercession of that hour. Comparing the date with the one in her Daily Food, she found an exact coincidence.

A missionary in Africa, while travelling on a tour of duty, came to a fork in the road, one branch going round a hill, the other up the hill. Hesitating which to take, he besought the Lord to give him direction. He found himself decidedly disposed to take the road up the hill. Once at the summit he had a clear view of the other path, in which he discovered several large lions.

Deeply impressed by this escape from certain death, he made a memorandum of the facts and date. Afterwards, when visiting England, a friend asked him whether in his missionary work he recalled any special deliverances; he narrated this incident.

His friend thereupon stated that on one occasion he became distinctly impressed with the thought that this missionary brother was in great danger, and accordingly at once he made him the subject of earnest intercession. So vivid and unusual was the impression that he felt moved to record the date. The two friends then compared their dates, and found an exact correspondence.

The Blotting Out of Sin.

What is the blessing of the blotting out of sin?

A little boy ran in one day to his mother, after he had read that promise, 'I will blot out as a thick cloud thy transgressions,' and he said:

'Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?'

The mother who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: 'Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Well, fetch it to me.'

He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said:

'Where is what you wrote?'

'Oh,' he said, 'I rubbed it out.'

'Well, where is it?'

'Why, mother, I don't know.'

'But how could you put it away if it was really there?'

'Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and is gone.'

'Well,' she said, 'that is what God means when he says, "I will blot out thy transgressions."'—'Ram's Horn.'

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, thus frankly speaks his mind relative to the cigarette evil in a recent address: 'I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversive of good morals, than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. This is my judgment as an educator.' These are strong words, but possibly not too strong.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Inventor of the Steam Hammer.

(The Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Wellspring.')

When James Nasmyth, who was born in Edinburgh in 1808, was ten years old, it was his delight to visit machine shops and iron foundries. He spent his spare time fashioning tops, kites, balloons, and brass cannon. When he was sixteen he made small steam engines, and sold several for fifty dollars each. His bedroom was fitted up as a machine shop, and many a casting was made there at night, after his day's work in school was done. A friend gave him the use of his smithy for larger work.

When he was twenty-one he went to London to apply for work at the foundry of Henry Maudsley, a famous engineer of the day. He carried with him a small steam engine of his own construction, and a number of mechanical drawings. When he made known his errand, he was disappointed on learning that Mr. Maudsley desired no apprentices. The courteous manufacturer, however, showed him through the works. Then he was more than ever anxious to secure employment. Seeing a workman taking ashes from a furnace, he enthusiastically cried: 'If I might only do that in your service, I should be satisfied!'

Attracted by his eagerness, Mr. Maudsley examined his model engine and drawings. He found them so perfect that he declared an apprenticeship unnecessary, and offered to take him into his private workshop at ten shillings a week.

Even in 1829 it was not easy for a young man to support himself in London on ten shillings a week. But the young engineer made up his mind to hard work and to strict economy. He was soon settled in a small room. His meals, prepared by himself, were eaten in this room. For breakfast and supper he had nothing but dry bread. He denied himself butter until he was receiving fifteen shillings a week. His dinner he cooked on a little oil stove of his own invention.

His first holiday he spent in making a trip to Liverpool to see Stephenson's 'Rocket,' the locomotive which had just been completed for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. He was eager to learn what he could of locomotive construction. The day of the trial trip was spent by him to such purpose that he was afterwards able to construct locomotives after his own designs. These were so satisfactory that a large premium, above the stipulated price, was paid for them by the Great Western Railway.

His employer dying when Nasmyth was twenty-three, he determined to go into business for himself. Although his capital amounted to only about three hundred dollars, he started a foundry on an upper floor of an old Manchester cotton mill, for which he agreed to pay two hundred and fifty dollars a year rent.

Not long after his establishment orders were pouring in on him at such a rate that it became necessary to seek larger quarters. Resolving to move once for all, he leased six acres near the Bridgewater canal, and the famous Bridgewater foundry was constructed. It required courage for a young man with limited capital to undertake such a responsibility as was involved in the change. But James Nasmyth had the courage.

In his new foundry he was more successful than ever. Many inventions were perfected, among these the screw safety ladle. A number of his workmen having been seriously burned by the old-fashioned ladle, used to carry the molten iron from the furnace to the moulds, he contrived a new instrument by the use of which one man was able to perform safely labor which had always required the efforts of a dozen.

But James Nasmyth's greatest invention was the steam hammer. Hammers had been constructed which were operated by steam, but they all were built on the principle of the hand hammer, and swung in an arc. These were effective for small castings only. But, in 1839, the builders of the steamship 'Great Britain' found that the paddle shaft required would be too large to be forged by any hammer available. Thereupon Nasmyth determined to try the effect of a hammer which delivered blows vertically, instead of horizontally. His original plan was to have the instrument fall from a height by its own weight. A later improvement was to drive the falling hammer by steam.

Drawings of the proposed hammer were then made and submitted to the builders of the steamship. They were approved, and the powerful implement would have been constructed at once, but the invention of the screw propeller decided the projectors to abandon the idea of the monster paddle shaft, and Nasmyth's original drawings were then laid away in his sketchbook.

Some time later, during his absence from the foundry, two visiting French engineers saw the sketches. They were so impressed by the possibilities of the tool that they went home and constructed a vertical steam hammer in their own foundry. Nasmyth knew nothing of this until, two years later, during a trip to the continent, he visited the French foundry. Observing an engine crank which could not have been forged by the old hammer, he asked how the work had been done. 'That crank was forged by your steam hammer,' was the reply.

The French engineers proceeded to show the Englishman the hammer they had built from his plans. He was delighted. The machine was crude, and it was often out of order. Upon examining it, he found the reason for its failure to work satisfactorily, and generously pointed out the defects, suggesting remedies for all of these.

Soon after his return home, the inventor constructed a hammer for himself. Patents were secured. The British government became interested, and large orders were placed. In 1845 the invention was further developed into the first really successful pile-driver.

This pile-driver was tested when the Devonport dockyard was rebuilt. The following account of this initial test has been given by one of Nasmyth's biographers:—

'And now the first pile was chosen, and the new machine fixed to its head. "We'll run a race with you," said the dockyard workmen to Nasmyth. "Give us a pile, too, and we'll drive it our way and see who will have finished first." Whether the men had any expectation of coming off victorious in the contest we cannot say; but, if so, they must have been grievously disappointed at the results. Nasmyth accepted the challenge, and the driving of the two piles began at the same moment. Down came the steam hammer at the rate of eighty blows a minute on the pile head, the weight of seven tons helping to force it downward at every stroke. Patiently the men toiled at their familiar task, but at the end of five minutes Nasmyth's pile was driven and the busy hammer ready for a fresh task. The workmen, too, accomplished their undertaking, but it took them twelve hours to do it, in which time Nasmyth would have driven no less than one hundred and forty-four piles. The success of the new pile-driver was greeted with ringing cheers. In which, probably, the defeated workmen joined as lustily as any.'

Other inventions were perfected in later years. In 1853 Nasmyth discovered that by forcing a blast of steam through molten metal, the process of puddling iron, hitherto imperfectly performed by hand, was made much more effective and safe. But almost at the same time, Bessemer invented his process in which a blast of air was substituted for the blast of steam. Nasmyth tested the process, and at once remarked: 'The results are so magnificently successful as totally to eclipse my process.' It is gratifying to note that Bessemer, appreciating the labors of his unsuccessful rival, offered him a share in his patent. But Nasmyth, although owning that this would have meant another fortune to him, declined, and adds this explanation: 'I have already made money enough.'

He died in 1890, at the age of eighty-two. His biographer says of him:—

'His ceaseless industry and his steady perseverance in overwhelming difficulties not only brought him to success, but were a blessing and example to others; for the hand of the diligent maketh rich, not the diligent man alone, but often many of those who come under his influence. Wealth and success having been won, the reward of honor and of intercourse with the great was not withheld from the faithful worker, the old-world prediction being fulfilled once more as literally as ever: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."'

A Box of Chocolates and a Bible.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

The children were singing and the sweet, childish voices filled with melody every corner of the old church, even floating out upon the Sabbath stillness.

'Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win?
Is it dark without you, darker still within?
Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
Let a little sunshine in.'

Some one entered; a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with a shy and uncertain manner, indicating how little he felt at home. He wore a coarse ill-fitting suit of gray, his hands were hard and calloused, but there was an open, honest look in the brown eyes that the Superintendent liked as he came towards him.

'Won't you come into one of the classes?' he began, pleasantly.

The boy shook his head. 'No, thank you, sir, I don't intend to stay long,' he answered. 'I just heard 'em singin' and it was such a pretty tune I somehow wanted to hear the rest of it. Don't mind me, please, I'll just sit quiet and listen, and after a bit I'll go out, so as not to disturb anyone.'

The Superintendent smiled. 'But I do mind you,' he answered, 'still if you would rather—'

Just then Miss Ward looked up and caught the Superintendent's eye. She was teaching a little class of girls just across the aisle. She was a slender young woman with a sweet, refined face and quiet, gracious manners. There was that about her, that indefinable something which stamped her as being in fel-

lowship with her Lord. No one who knew her doubted that she was set apart and consecrated to the work she loved. Just now her quiet smile to the Superintendent seemed to say, 'Leave him to me,' and the Superintendent nodded with a quick look of relief and went back to his duties.

Left alone, the boy gazed about in the large, cheerful room with evident interest. Though he felt ill at ease, it was clear that the scene before him pleased him, and then, Alicia Ward stepped over to where he sat.

'Won't you sit by me this morning?' she said in her sweet, gracious way, extending a slender, white hand in welcome. 'You're a stranger and perhaps you would not feel at home in a regular class to-day. But my little girls like visitors, and you'll find them interesting. I know you'll enjoy hearing them read their verses and repeat their golden text.'

She smiled down into the brown eyes with her clear, soft, friendly ones.

'Thank you, ma'am.' (The boy flushed as he answered.) 'I didn't intend to stay, but if you're sure you won't mind me sitting with you, why I'll come and be obliged besides. I do feel a little out of place before so many strangers.'

And then he rose and followed her across the aisle.

'You must tell me your name,' smiled Miss Ward as she gave him a seat beside her own.

'Joe—Joe Warren.'

'Joe is it? Well, Joe, these are my little girls and, girls, here is a visitor. You must tell him all you know about the lesson.'

The lesson was on the 23rd Psalm, David's trust in God, and Miss Ward had all her little pupils each read a verse in turn.

They all had Bibles and she handed Joe one with a smile. 'You must read with us,' she said. 'Read the second verse,' she added gently. Joe complied.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.'

He read the words slowly and laboriously, but with a purity of accent that did not escape his new friend.

'What do you think of that verse?' she asked as he finished.

Joe looked up and his face brightened. 'I suppose that it means that he'll make it easy for us, don't it?' he answered. '"Green pastures and still waters," one wouldn't wish for anything better than that.'

'"Easy," yes,' Miss Ward said, 'that's just it, Joe. If he is truly our Shepherd, he will make it easy for us and we shall not want any good thing, remember that.'

Joe looked at her, solemnly. 'Does it mean that really?' he asked.

'Really,' said Miss Ward. 'You must study this psalm more, Joe. Read it when you go home. In the meantime I'll explain it as best I can. You'll have no trouble in finding it.'

Joe flushed more than ever. 'You would in our house, ma'am, for there ain't a Bible in it that ever I saw, and I know about all the books.'

There was a moment of silence. The little girls were gazing interestedly at the tall, dark-eyed boy with the rough, calloused hands. One little yellow-haired girl in a blue cloak leaned impulsively forward. 'He can have mine,' she cried, extending a small one with a golden clasp.

But Miss Ward shook her head. 'No, dear,' she said gently, 'that is yours, but Joe shall have a Bible, never fear.' She smiled as she spoke, but her heart ached. 'Oh,' she thought, 'what a world this is. Pleasure-going, pleasure-seeking, spending money on trifles, frittering away precious hours when at our very doors there is such a need as this. Oh, Lord,' she whispered, 'awake us all to a sense of our responsibility.'

'It's this way at our house,' went on Joe. 'There are six children all younger than me, and father's dead. I work in the smelter to help feed 'em all. Mother does the best she can, but she's discouraged, I suppose. She's lost heart I guess. I wish she knew about this Bible you're talking about. I've come to think the world a pretty hard place. If this book, (he looked toward a Bible with wistful eyes), if this will make it easier, I'd like to know about it.'

'It will, it will, Joe,' was the earnest reply.

It was the Tuesday afterward, and on her way down to the city, Alicia Ward stopped in at her young friend's, Lillian Morton, who lived next door. Lillian was reading in the sitting-room with a pile of sofa pillows under her lazy, golden head.

'Is that you, Miss Alicia?' she cried, jumping up to greet her. 'Dressed for shopping, aren't you? How nice you look. I'm glad you stopped in. I'm just dying for a box of chocolates. Don't bring me any but Huyler's, please. Here's the money. It's the last of my allowance, too, but chocolates I must have.'

Miss Ward smiled a little, though her face was thoughtful.

'Don't be so serious,' said Lillian lightly, laying one arm about her neck. 'I don't believe you approve of chocolates. By the way, what are you going to buy to-day?'

Alicia Ward stroked the golden hair gently. 'A Bible for one thing,' she answered slowly; 'a pound of chocolates and a Bible. They sound a little incongruous, don't they, my dear friend?'

Lillian looked surprised. 'A Bible?' she replied. 'What in the world are you buying a Bible for? Haven't you enough?'

And then Alicia told her the story of Joe.

Lillian listened in silence. When the little story was over she kissed her friend softly on the cheek. 'Poor fellow,' she cried, 'and what a useless, selfish creature I am. I don't want the chocolates after all. My appetite for them is gone. You must take the price of them and put it toward Joe's Bible.'

Alicia Ward smiled as she rose. 'I knew you would do it, Lillian,' she said.

The next Sunday morning Joe came to the Sunday-school.

'Are you ready to go in a regular class to-day, Joe?' asked his new friend.

Joe smiled. 'Yes'm,' he answered, 'I'll do my best.'

'Perhaps this will help you.' She slipped the Bible into his hand as she spoke, a new and beautiful Bible with a soft, black, flexible cover, and shining gilt edges.

Joe's eyes shone with delight as he opened it. Written in a delicate, flowing hand on the fly-leaf were these words:

'Joe Warren.
From his new found friends,
Alicia Ward and Lillian Norton.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. Psalm 23.'

'Isn't that good,' cried Joe, and then his chin quivered. 'I do thank you, Miss Ward,' he added, 'and—who is this?' He pointed to the name, 'Lillian Norton.' 'I'd like to thank her, too—if I may?'

Miss Ward inclined her head to a slender, golden-haired girl sitting in the Bible class not far away. 'Do you see that young lady with the black hat, Joe?' she said. 'The one with pretty hair?'

Joe nodded.

'That's Lillian Norton,' explained Miss Ward happily. 'She joined the Bible class only to-day, and she joined it, Joe, because of your Bible.'

While Yet in the World.

(William H. Hambly, in the New York 'Christian Herald.')

'It is a good thing,' said Brother Nash, as they sat around the stove before prayer-meeting opened, 'that Christians will get a reward in the next world, for they don't near always get the best of this.

'Well, I don't know,' said Deacon Long, 'it depends on how you look at it.'

'No, it don't,' spoke up Sister Kelley, rather sharply; 'there ain't any way you can look at it, but it's just as Brother Nash says. The wicked, lots of times gets the best of this world. Now, there is Cy and Lyman Toliver. There never was a better man than brother Cy, and he's worked like a dog, and they just barely get along, and his farm has been mortgaged ever since I can remember. But Lyman always was mean and stingy, and hard-hearted, and besides, he's an infidel. He has got a fine house and servants and thousands of dollars, and just everything a body could wish for. No, sir, you can't make one believe the good people always get along the best in this world.' Then she added with a sigh, 'but, of course, it will be made up to them in the next.'

Lyman sat by the Pullman window watching for something familiar in the landscape. He was trying to recall the scenes and faces of twenty years before. He had vowed, when he left home, that he would not return until he was a millionnaire. He was not an old man yet, but his closely cropped mustache was white and there was gray about his temples. But he was still straight and his eyes were keen and cold.

He had kept his word, and was going back the first time a millionnaire.

He was greeted at the station by a hearty hand-shake and a broad, cordial smile. It was Cy, hearty and good-humored as ever. The same old Cy, except a little stouter and his hair a little white. He had heard that Cy was poor, but it had not marked him with much care. His eyes were twinkling, and every line in his face indicated happiness.

It was a plain country house with plain furniture, but everything was sweet and so clean. They took their chairs out on the porch, shaded by a honeysuckle vine and the climbing roses. The breeze swept in from the south, cool and refreshing, after the drive in the sun.

The girls, Mary and Jane, came in with their arms full of flowers, and they were decorating in his honor, but he had come sooner than they expected. They greeted him a little timidly, but with evident pleasure, as Uncle Lyman. The boys, Jim and John, came in from the field at noon, and they, too, gave him an awkward but hearty welcome.

'I haven't enjoyed anything as much in twenty years as that meal,' he said to Cy as they returned to the porch after dinner.

In the cool of the afternoon they went over the little farm and looked at the meadows, and the growing corn, the sheep and the cattle. Cy seemed to love every piece of ground and every blade of grass, and pointed with pride to the color of his corn and the size of the stalks.

'When you see corn a dark green like that, with thick stalks, you're sure of a big crop.'

'It seems like a good little farm,' said Lyman. 'How much did it cost you?'

'I was to pay four thousand, but it is still mortgaged for seven hundred.'

'When is the mortgage due?' he asked.

'Oh, it's been due for seven years,' laughed Cy. 'I keep the interest paid, of course.'

'Why doesn't the party who holds the paper close you out?' asked Lyman, in surprise.

'Close me out? Why, Brother Davis, one of my nearest neighbors, holds the mortgage. He wouldn't any more think of closing me out than he would of robbing a train.'

'I was just smiling,' said Lyman, 'to think how long my next door neighbor would let a mortgage on my house run after it was due.'

That evening neighbor Evans came in. After the usual introduction, talk about the crops and the health of the family, Evans remarked:

'We're going over to help clean out Brother Cox's corn to-morrow. Guess we can count on you, Cy.'

'Yes, me or one of the boys will be over.'

'What is the matter with Cox?' asked Lyman, when the neighbor was gone.

'He's been down with the rheumatism and is behind with his work. Ten or fifteen of us are going over to-morrow to plough his corn.'

'Why doesn't he hire it ploughed?'

'Isn't able.'

'But don't you need the time on your own crop?'

'Oh, yes, the wet weather has put us a little behind; but it isn't like as if we were sick. We'll come out all right.'

Lyman sat thinking for a long time. He remembered Clevenger, one of his neighbors. Clevenger was a good fellow, but he got on the wrong side of the market, and he had bankrupted him. 'Meant fifty thousand to me, but was a little hard on Clevenger,' he said to himself.

'There is Dawson, just watching every move I make, and a dozen others, all waiting like a pack of hungry wolves for my first slip.'

Another neighbor, Egerton, had been sick when the mortgage was foreclosed, and he and his family put out of their home. It was business, of course, but somehow Cy did not seem to think so much of business as of his neighbors.

There was always a merry time evenings, in fact there were few times during the day when there was not a laugh somewhere about the house. After supper they all gathered in the sitting-room, and read and chatted, and told stories. The girls were sweet, bright girls, and the boys intelligent fellows. Lyman thought of his own wife and daughters, proud, haughty society leaders. He met them sometimes once or twice a week. He usually ate alone. He always spent the evening alone unless he went to the club.

Sunday evening Cy asked Lyman if he would go with them to church. He was on the point of making a cynical reply. It was his habit to speak of religion as a worn out superstition. His thought was to tell his brother that he had long outgrown such trivial sentimentality; but a question in his own mind checked him.

'Have I?'

He had discovered to his surprise that his brother was a better informed man than he. There was no question of the times on which Cy had not read more and thought more. He found that his mind had been running in a little groove, while Cy had been growing more broader by wide reading and careful thinking. Why should he say he had outgrown what his brother still believed? Yes, he would go.

The little country church, the same he attended when a boy, was filled. It was as plain as ever, but there was something so worshipful in its very atmosphere. The old preacher took one of the old texts, and preached a simple, direct sermon. Eloquent only in earnestness.

Lyman studied the preacher and the congregation. He saw that the preacher believed every word, and so did the people. Their faith was not clouded nor complicated. They took that all for granted—it was part of their faith.

After the benediction there was a general hand-shaking, and everyone was talking. Everyone in reach or who passed shook hands with Cy and had some neighborly greeting. He seemed to be a friend to everybody. To some he replied seriously, to others laughingly; his warm heart shining in his face all the while.

As they went home, Lyman was very, very thoughtful.

'To work during the day; to rest at night; in love with one's family and one's neighbors; to believe God watches, and will guide and keep,' that was his brother's life. His—

'To watch everlastingly, lest some man rob him of that which he had taken from others. To—' well, that was all—the rest was incidental.

'Cy,' he said, as they neared home, 'I would give every cent I have if I could live like you.'

'Why don't you?' asked Cy.

'That is the miserable part of it. I can't, and I have lost so much of myself that I would not be happy if I did.'

Garde.

(Aldis Dunbar, in the 'Wellspring.')

'You don't seem to care for it at all? Yet you seem to be getting on pretty well. What made you begin?'

Anna looked up, a whimsical expression on her quiet face.

'I'll tell you, Garde; I had to. Uncle Judge—you know how he is—decided my career without any reference to me. He wanted an artist in the family—and I was the only one left for his purpose. Mother and I are entirely dependent on him, and I do want so to please him—to say nothing of the comfort it would be to be able to earn my own living. You know, Garde?'

Her friend nodded.

'But I can't progress beyond a certain limit, no matter how hard I try,' went on Anna, ruefully. 'Ask Ma'amselle. I do just what she tells me, but then I stop, and have to wait until she starts me up again. It's really no use. I can't originate; yet Uncle Judge has made up his mind that I must be the next holder of the Floyd scholarship. Poor little mother knows, but she daren't protest aloud when he insists on her keeping up her French—or confess that she doesn't yearn for Paris any more than I do.'

'But why don't you speak up? Tell him that you've no love for drawing, and do care for—'

'That sounds well, Billy,' interrupted Garde, 'but neither of us would be one whit braver than Anna. We may think how easy it would be to walk right into Judge Floyd's office and tell him that the pursuit of art was a bore, the bondage of charcoal and bread balls unendurable, and burnt rubber a weariness to the flesh, but when we came to the point, we would run away. The minute he looked at us, our spines would weaken, and we'd feel as if we were waiting to be sentenced. That's about it, isn't it, Nan?'

'Are you never coming, Anna?' called out a fourth voice. With a quick movement, her eyes growing bright with pleasure, Anna just tossed her luncheon box onto the table, and her little blue-clad figure disappeared through the doorway leading to the 'oil' room.

'Now you'll get it!' said Garde, with mock resignation. 'Poor Lil eats her luncheon in disconnected bites, sandwiched between suspended fifths and augmented triads. Hear 'em?' as the feeble tones of the little spinet, one of the treasured 'properties' of Mademoiselle Detienne's studio, wandered out on the air.

'Poor Lil!' repeated Billy Brent, indignantly. 'Poor Nan, you mean. What an imposition to keep her tied down to this sort of a thing,' waving her plump hand impartially toward the casts on the walls and the deserted easels grouped round the room. 'Lil's radiant at finding some one docile enough to sympathize with her pet dissipation, while Anna absorbs every hint she can get. Now I love music, but I'd never care about dissecting it and polishing its bare skeleton. And to dream of scorning the Floyd scholarship for the sake of fugues and chorales! Nan doesn't care if she never goes to Paris; while you and I, Garde, would work night and day for the chance.' Billy clutched at the air dramatically, as though she saw the longed-for honor just beyond her reach. Garde Eveleth shook her head.

'It's not for you, nor for me, Billy. Judge Floyd retains the right of naming the one to go. And I shouldn't wonder if he allowed it to remain vacant, this year, unless Anna can get some one to inject a "paint germ" into her system.'

'No use,' objected Billy. 'It would be conquered by the "music microbe." Poor Nan! "Some hae meat an' canna eat,"' she quoted. 'What are you drawing, Garde? That's my best pad of water-color paper, by the way.'

'These are to cheer her up, after luncheon hour. Don't poke round, Billy. You can have my sauce crayon, or some stumps, to even up. Take your sandwiches over to the other window.'

But Billy, having caught one glimpse, was not to be ordered off. She sat quite still, her dimples coming and going with delighted sympathy, as she watched Garde's slender brown hands cover sheet after sheet of the rough paper with quick, clever sketches, which she pinned, as fast as finished, over the stiff, cramped outline of Agrippa's head, that occupied the drawing board on Anna's easel.

In the first, Anna, a meek, absurd little figure in her long pinafore, was being led to the studio door by her uncle, a stern, towering authority in judicial robes. Next, she was shown in a state of terror before a full length cast of the Venus of Milo. Then, in an attitude of hopeless despair, trying in vain to draw an immense nose, that would not be included within the limits of her drawing board. In the background, like a gloomy shadow, was—a Frown.

'That's the lowest depth of woe,' remarked Garde, tearing off the third sheet and pinning it at the lower, left-hand corner of Anna's easel. 'Now for the ascending scale,' beginning a new composition with a sweep of the charcoal.

'Garde, you see here. Coming across the square, there by the fountain. Isn't that Judge Floyd?' Billy pressed her small nose firmly against the window pane.

Garde glanced hastily over her shoulders. 'Yes, no one else in this town has that severely stiff pair of shoulders, or such an uncompromising way of putting down his feet. He's always doing it, with one or the other of 'em. Never mind, Billy. Don't fret yourself about that arbitrary old despot. He wouldn't dream of coming up here. How is this?' holding up her fourth drawing, intended to show Anna's amazed, half fearful joy at the discovery of the spinet beneath a pile of old fishnet. Billy nodded approvingly.

'She did look almost like that, the first time that Lil offered to show her the right chords to accompany that pretty air she was humming. 'You remember, the one she made up to go with those words of Herrick's,' said Billy. 'What next?'

'Wait and see.' Garde's brown eyes twinkled, as her swift strokes revealed Anna, her arms folded on her breast, kneeling humbly beside Lilian Furness, who was waving one hand above her head in enthusiasm, and then bringing the other down vigorously on the keyboard of the spinet.

In the last of all, Anna, placid content on her face, had fallen asleep, and was half hidden by a mimic snowstorm of crotchets and quavers. Far above her head soared into the heavens a dream Anna, winged with flapping sheet music, ecstatically playing on a huge grand piano, that soared likewise. From among the surrounding clouds peeped here and there the great musicians, broad smiles of welcome on their otherwise classic countenances.

Billy gave a sigh of delight. 'How on earth do you do it, Garde?' she asked. 'Now if I tried to scatter off a handful of caricatures like that, I'd muddle them all up.'

'I don't know. They do themselves, once I get started. But remind me to put them out of sight before Ma'amselle comes back, or she will turn me out. Oh, I'm not joking. You have not known her temper as long as I have known it. She's quite capable of dismissing me from the class, in disgrace; and there is not a soul in this town besides her who can teach drawing in the same year. She thinks Judge Floyd somewhere near the level of the archangels, and the bare idea of one of her pupils caricaturing him would give her a paralytic stroke.'

Garde pinned the final sketch on the small, remaining space, and stood back to take in the effect.

'They're first class, Garde. Now see here for a moment, will you? I can't make out what's wrong with this shadow. Ma'amselle rubbed it out three times, and told me to do it over; but I can't get it to look right. Come, there's a dear.'

Garde crossed the room swiftly, and stood looking from her friend's drawing to the plaster head, her head thrown back, her eyes nearly closed.

'Why—of course, it's the reflection, here, on the cheek, don't you see?' running her hand lightly over Billy's rebellious brown hair.

'Why, yes! Now, why couldn't she have told me? Garde, you've saved my reputation. That isn't she coming up the hall, is it?'

'No. Don't you know a man's tread when you hear it? Ma'amselle walks delicately, mincingly, like down blown across a field of—of buttercups. Oh!'

For at her last words the outer door opened without so much as a warning tap, and a tall, heavily built old gentleman stood looking round the studio. Billy who had slipped into her chair, to make the necessary correction in her work, clutched Garde's hand wildly; but the newcomer paid scant attention to the two girls. He surveyed the room impatiently, turned his head abruptly from one side to the other, scanning the easels, and finally walked toward the window, and wheeling round, faced Anna's drawing board, with its remarkable array.

'Eh! What?' he exclaimed, stooping to examine Garde's productions with his eyeglass. 'How's this' He stared at the two girls, who were watching him apprehensively. 'Is this Anna Whitney's easel?' he demanded, sternly.

'Y-es, sir,' gasped Billy, wondering that he did not fly into a passion and annihilate the whole of them.

'Hm!' was his only comment. He bent again, then, with quick decision, unpinned the six sketches, disclosing Agrippa beneath. Puzzled, he threw back his head, contrasting the styles of the two kinds of work before him.

'Well!' said he, at last, in a tone of the deepest disgust, marching toward the door, through which the mournful wail of the spinet was proceeding. Garde caught her breath, and stepped forward hastily.

'Judge Floyd! Please come back for just a minute!' she called. The judge loked round at her from under his heavy white eyebrows, and halted.

'Eh?' said he, gruffly, as he encountered the clear, boyish brown eyes.

'Anna didn't draw those absurd pictures. She hasn't even seen them. I just pinned them there to make her laugh.'

'Is she in there?' motioning with his head toward the adjoining room, or has she gone home to luncheon?'

'In there, sir. Please don't blame it on her. I'd even be willing to have you show them to Ma'amselle, instead.'

Judge Floyd hesitated; then went back to the window and spread the sketches along the wide sill, while Garde's cheeks grew hotter and hotter.

'Let me see. Aren't you John Eveleth's girl?'

'Yes, sir,' very meekly. What would he do to Anna? or to her? But that last did not matter. Just them Garde cared little what might happen to herself, if she could only shield dear little Anna from this sudden storm.

'What is your name?'

Billy, half hidden behind her own easel, felt as though she were overhearing a formal trial, but Garde stood up bravely.

'Hildegarde, sir.'

'Well, Miss Hildegarde, this is a nice set of cartoons. Am I to show them to Mademoiselle Detienne?'

'I'd rather have you do that than get Anna into trouble.'

'Bravo!' whispered Billy.

'And you think she would be displeased?'

'I know it, sir.'

'Why didn't you let me ask Anna about them?'

'Because—I thought—you thought'—Garde swallowed very hard, 'that she drew them, and you might be very angry with her before you found out the mistake.'

'Well?'

'You know, she is afraid of you, Judge Floyd, and she's tried ever so hard to do what you wanted. There's not one of us in the class that pegs—I mean works—so perseveringly.'

'And this is her work?' pointing to Agrippa.

'Yes, sir.'

'So you drew these to make her laugh? Well! Come here, young woman. I want these six—things—explained. This one?'

Garde looked desperately at Billy, and wondered what would happen if she turned and ran away, but the judge was waiting, inexorable.

'That's Anna, sir, coming to be the artist of the family.'

The old gentleman eyed her sharply. 'And she doesn't like the idea?'

'Not exactly, but she wants to obey you. And she didn't quite understand what the casts were for,' pushing aside the second sheet. 'Then—she had an awful time with that nose there. I think she was at it for two weeks.'

'And what's that?' pointing to the stormy portent in the corner.

'That?' Billy gave a little gasping laugh, which she quickly smothered in the fold of her big apron, remembering 'That.'

'A frown, sir.'

'Whose? Mademoiselle Detienne's?'

Garde shook her head.

'Mine?' The young girl nodded, not venturing to glance at the judicial countenance. But Billy saw what took her breath away, for Judge Floyd, throwing back his stately head, was shaking all over with silent laughter.

'Well, now for the others,' he observed, his face sobering.

'This,' went on Garde, 'is Anna discovering harmony. And this—is Anna absorbing it.'

'Who is this other girl?'

'Lilian Furness.'

'The organist's daughter, I suppose. And this?'

'Anna dreaming about going to—heaven, I guess.'

'You didn't put me in that one?'

'No, sir.'

'Very well. Now listen. I'm going to take these drawings away. And I forbid you to speak of them to anyone; not even to Anna. You are not to mention my having been here. Can you keep this foolish affair to yourselves?' The severity had returned in full measure, and Garde's face grew very downcast.

'Yes, sir. I'll not tell, and I'm sure Billy will not.'

'Remember, then.'

The door closed behind him, and Garde dropped into the nearest chair, a picture of desolation; even Billy's sympathetic hug being powerless to lift the cloud.

'But he did laugh, Garde, over "That." I saw him.'

Garde shook her head. 'It's my last prank, Wilhelmina Brent. Take warning by your unfortunate friend. As sure as you do a real naughty thing, no matter how noble your motive, you'll surely come to grief. Oh, me, what will poor father say if Ma'amselle refuses to keep me in the class? He's tried so hard to let me go on with her lessons. Billy, here come the girls! I'll not have them all pitying me! If you breathe it!'

But Billy told nothing, giving valiant efforts to the task of distracting the attention of teacher and classmates from Garde. The afternoon went by slowly, and when Garde went home at dusk, she forced an extra lot of nonsense out of every circumstance to keep her family from suspecting her woes.

It was a relief, next morning, on entering the class rooms, to find that Mademoiselle Detienne was not visible. Indeed, it was not until the entire class was at work that she opened the door from her private room, and rapped on the table to attract their attention.

'Young ladies,' she began, as eyes blue, and brown, and gray, and hazel, and black turned to her respectfully, and the big aprons moved in a wave of surprise, 'I have ze announcement to make to you, zat you lose two of your mates. Mees Anna Witney an' Mees Evelet' will rise.'

Garde, glancing at Anna, saw a soft, happy brightening of the quiet face, and her courage rose to meet her own sentence.

'Mees Anna, Judge Floyd an' I have decide zat you shall not go on wiz drawing, but shall study ze musique wiz Professor Furness. You have been ze mos' hard-working student, an' I wish you moch success. An' you, Mees Garde,' Bill Brent clasped her hands hard under a fold of her brown gingham pinafore, and glared at Mademoiselle, unnoticed by that august lady. 'No ozzer zan Judge Floyd have tol' me zat you—'

She paused and Garde dropped into her seat defiantly, beginning to gather together her drawing materials.

'Zat you have mos' undoubted talent,' proceeded Mademoiselle, 'an' zat I shall at once prepare you zat you be ready to go, in September, to New York, and' if you do well zare, to Paris, in spring, wiz ze Floyd scholarship. You do not understand? I can explain.'

But Garde, who understood at last, was fleeing before a billow of glory and gingham aprons.

A Delayed Train.

The train had slowed up, stopped, and then gone on again. Once or twice this had been repeated. But now apparently things had come to a permanent standstill.

'What's the matter?' asked Antonia Blackburn of her travelling companion, Lucy Manning, who had made her way to the platform with the crowd, in search of information.

'A cave-in or a snowslide, or something obstructive. At any rate, we have to wait here six hours.'

'Here?' questioned Antonia, looking rather blankly at the broad-stretching, snow-covered country side.

'Yes,' said Lucy. 'There's plenty of it, but it is all a good deal alike.'

The passengers talked and grumbled, then gradually dropped back into the cars, settling down doggedly to the long wait, 'There must be some alternative,' said Antonia, turning distastefully from the contemplation of two apathetic rows of figures with newspapers and magazines held before their faces.

'There is,' announced Lucy, who, as she said, was 'a born reporter.' 'A mile and a quarter away is the town of Cobochonk. The road is pretty fairly broken, and it is not so very cold. Suppose we try it?'

'By all means,' agreed Antonia. 'Anything with such a name ought to be interesting.' With much talk and laughter and many tumbles, the two friends struggled through the drifts to Cobochonk.

Cobochonk was not always called pretty. On this white winter's day its defects and prettiness were covered and transfigured, while the river's sweep of dark waters between the spotless banks added a touch of beauty.

'It is evidently a cathedral town,' said Lucy pointing to a small wooden church at the end of the straggling street. Some men were busy shovelling the path up to the door.

'Are they going to have service to-day, on a Friday?' asked Antonia. 'I wonder whether they have a choir master in Cobochonk, and whether he is a nice, amiable person like Professor Oliver; as sure of his one consummate ability, and of the absolute lack of any in everybody else.'

There was a sound in Antonia's voice and a sparkle in her eyes which showed plainly that she had touched upon a sore subject. Still Lucy was silent, which, had you known her better, you would have recognized as peculiar.

'Not that I have nothing to say,' she was thinking; 'only I don't dare. I wish I knew how to tell her the truth in love. Why is it that musical people can't keep the peace ten minutes at a time, even in church work?' and Lucy sighed a short, involuntary sigh, Antonia heard it.

'What are you thinking about?' she asked.

'Several things. What did you say? Choir master? Perhaps they have a choir master of all work here, and so a happy family of one in the organ loft.'

'Lucy Manning' cried Antonia, irritably, 'you never did take my part properly about the music. I don't believe you care a bit for the way that horrid man hurt my feelings.'

'Oh, don't scold me,' said Lucy piteously. 'I'm far away from home. Look over there. Isn't that the smallest house you ever saw? And so many men and women and children all about it?'

'Somebody is dead,' whispered Antonia. They stopped with a hush on them.

'They are getting ready for the funeral at the church,' said Lucy, piecing things together after her custom. 'What would life be in this town, in that little house? It must have been a solitary life, and it was not a short one. Was it a lonely man or a lonely women who lived there?'

'A man,' came the unexpected answer.

Turning with a start, they found a half-grown girl standing beside them. Her eyes were red and her face was swollen with weeping.

'It was an old man,' she went on, speaking hurriedly, with a catch in her breath now and then. 'But he wasn't lonely, everybody was his friend. He was so good; better than anybody in the world, I think. I don't know what we'll do without him. It'll never be the same place again.'

'No, it will not,' chimed in another voice, the voice of a woman who had stopped to join the group. 'Nor it ain't the same place that it was before he came.'

'Did he do so much for the town?' asked Antonia.

'Nobody'll ever know how much, till the Lord himself tells. There's men living here, and there's men living there, an' there's men living otherwheres, that were made men by Paul Holmes, after everybody else had left them for beasts. Do you see our church?' pointing it out. 'That's his work. He planned and begged and saved for it; most of all, he lived for it, so that the idea, stayed in folks' mind, till at last it was bound to come. I don't know, though, as it's done so much more for the town than his own little place where he worked through the week. One wasn't any more God's house than the other was; only, sinners could go to him in the other every day. They did go, too. Many of them went and found him where Paul was.'

'Will he be buried this afternoon?' asked Lucy, to fill the pause which came after the woman's speech.

'Yes. At three o'clock.'

'But there'll not be any music,' put in the girl. 'Oh, dear, I can't get over it; it don't seem right when he was so fond of music. You see, he always played the organ himself, and the rest sang. Nobody feels able to do it without him; I don't know if they'd have the heart for it, anyway, if they could.' She choked and stopped.

Lucy stole a quick look at Antonia. Would she offer? She was always so 'fussy,' Lucy called it, 'about her instrument and her accompanist and ventilation and a dozen other things.'

To-day, however, Antonia remembered none of them. She spoke out impulsively, without waiting: 'May I sing? I should like to do it very much.'

Lucy was half amused, half provoked, to see both the women and the girl hesitate. 'They are actually doubtful whether to accept what has to be coaxed and pleaded for by the hour in the big town church!' she just thought. 'Is it possible that Antonia's solos are going to be snubbed?'

Indeed, the two loyal friends of Paul Holmes were thinking: 'We'd rather have nothing than to have a boggle over it. If she did anything out of the way we couldn't stand it, and the neighbors wouldn't ever forgive us.'

Antonia, too, recognized the hesitation, but for some reason it seemed natural to her.

'Do you think you can?' asked the woman, peering anxiously into Antonia's face, with a pucker on her own.

'Yes, I think so. I'll do my best.'

Here Lucy interposed with some reassuring words, and the matter was settled. A little later they were in the little church, watching the people assemble.

'Why, Antonia,' said Lucy, 'it is three-quarters of an hour from the time yet, and the church is almost full. Where do the people come from, and what will they do with them all?'

Every available inch of room was taken, and men were standing thick about the door and windows when the young preacher rose in his place.

'"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,"' he read, Antonia bowed her head with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes. Never had that life seemed so real and so triumphant as in the little misshapen church of Cobochonk, with its crowd of weather-beaten mourners, who believed with such full assurance that what was loss to them was gain to Paul Holmes.

After the Scripture reading there was a prayer; prayer, that faltered more than once, and was often interrupted by the sobs of the people; but through it all there ran the same unbroken note of thanksgiving for the light that had shone more and more and unto the perfect day.

Then Antonia sang.

The woman and the girl sitting in the front pew had cast many troubled glances in her direction, but at the first sound of the exquisite voice falling softly upon the deepening stillness of the church, the trouble passed away.

Lucy, too, drew a breath of relief. She had been afraid; Antonia did not always do herself justice; she got nervous, and it told. 'But this afternoon she is singing her best, God bless her! I'm so glad! I couldn't bear to have her fail. Surely,' said Lucy, as she still listened, 'I never heard Antonia sing so before as she is now.'

It was true. For once Antonia had forgotten all about her audience, about herself, her success or failure. She was thinking of Paul Holmes: "He shall see the King in his beauty: and shall behold the country that is very far off.' With the wonder of the thought upon her, she sang as she had never sung before:

'Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress!
I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.'

The two girls were obliged to slip away after the singing, in order not to miss the train. They had gone but a few steps when they heard some one hurrying after them. It was the girl from the church.

'Oh, it was so beautiful!' she sobbed stretching out her hands to Antonia. 'I never heard anything so beautiful! I had to run after you to tell you. I think the angels must sing like you.'

A sudden emotion swept over Antonia. She took the sunburned hands in hers and stooped to kiss the homely, loving face. 'No, no! The angels know how little true that is. But I shall always be glad for to-day, and—and

better for it. It was a great honor to sing. Good-bye, and thank you.'

The long walk to the station was taken almost in silence. Once or twice Lucy wondered whether Antonia was 'waiting for compliments.'

'But I am not going to give her any,' she thought. 'It would be sacrilege, and I will not.'

At last, as they drew near the station, Antonia spoke. 'I was cross about the choir, Lucy,' she said. 'Forgive me. I am beginning to get a glimmering of what you really meant. I have been cross very often; there have been so many things that I didn't understand. But I must learn and teach Professor Oliver,' she added with a whimsical little laugh.

The months went by. One day a young woman said to Lucy, 'There are no more riots in the choir. What does it mean?'

'I think,' answered Lucy, deliberately, 'that it means that they are singing more to the praise of God than they did.'

'Well, do you know,' said she, 'I have wondered myself whether that could be it. Queer, isn't it? One hasn't altogether connected the idea of worship with our choir.'—'Evangelist.'

Sara's Tramp.

Sara Allen was standing on the porch one morning, when a ragged, surly-looking tramp opened the gate, and came up the walk.

The two were a striking contrast as they stood facing each other, and the traveller realized it. He knew only too well that he was ragged and filthy, and that many of the good housewives had locked their doors against him as he had come through the little street.

But Sara was utterly unconscious how sweet and dainty she looked. She only knew that it was a beautiful morning, and she was very happy. Indeed, she was so happy that she could not help feeling sorry for the wretched-looking man as he stood before her.

'Give me something to eat, will you? I'm hungry,' he said, abruptly.

He did not understand it, but somehow he felt uncomfortable, and wished vaguely that he had not come in here.

'Certainly, I will get you something,' answered Sara, promptly. 'Sit down and rest a while till I get it.' It was characteristic of her that she put up a dainty little lunch, just such a one as she would for her brother Ralph.

'Poor man!' she thought, as she made sandwiches, 'he doesn't look as if he had ever had anything nice. I wonder why it is some people have so much to make them happy, and others so little? I'm afraid that I have more than my share, so I must try to do all that I possibly can for those who haven't as much as I have.'

When she took out the lunch, wrapped in a pretty Japanese napkin, the man looked in surprise, first at the lunch and then at Sara.

'Is this for me?' he asked.

'Why, of course; haven't I just put it up expressly for you,' replied Sara, smilingly—though her eyes filled with tears, for he did look so forlorn and wretched.

'I'm afraid you've had a hard time, and I am ever so sorry for you. I only wish that I could do more for you.'

The man hesitated; he was not accustomed to having any one speak to him like that, and hardly knew what to do; then he made an awkward attempt to touch his apology of a hat.

'You've done more'n any one else has done,' he said, 'and if I was fit I'd say God bless you; but I ain't.'

'All the same, I feel as if I had been blessed,' said Sara to herself, as she watched him go slowly down the road, her lunch untouched in his hand. Hungry as he was, he did not taste it; somehow he could not. There was something about the fair young girl that reminded him of his mother, who had died when he was a little boy.

He wondered, as he sauntered along, if he would have come to this if she had lived.

Her hair had been light and fluffy as this girl's was, and her eyes blue. He could think just how she looked even now, after all these years, and he remembered how she would put his cap and mittens on, and tie a little scarf round his neck, and kiss him good-bye every morning when he started off for school. Oh, if he could only go back and be an innocent little boy again, and feel his mother's kiss on his lips once more. What would she say to see him now. How thankful he was that she could not; and then he remembered her last words to him, though he had not thought of them for years.

They had carried him to her bedside in the night just before she died, and she kissed him for the last time, and whispered, 'Be sure to meet me in heaven, Robbie—I'll be waiting for you.'

Heaven—what prospect was there of his going to heaven! Here he was planning to break into a man's house this very night to rob him. If he should resist—well, it might be murder!

And his mother was waiting for him up in heaven, and that pure, sweet-faced girl said that she was sorry for him! He stopped under a big tree, and, pulling his hat down over his face, lay there for a long time busy with his thoughts. The longer he thought the more he loathed himself as he was, and then he began to wonder if it was possible for him at this late day to be different, to live the rest of his life so that he could meet his mother again.

When he thought of himself as he was, and remembered the life he had lived, his heart sank within him. There could not be any hope for such a wretch as he!

He got up, and, thrusting his lunch into his pocket, went hurriedly on his way. He would waste no more time thinking. There was no use; he was past all hope; he might as well finish up as he had begun.

But though he plunged along furiously, he could not get away from his thoughts; he seemed all the while to hear his mother saying: 'I'm waiting for you, Robbie; be sure to come.'

He had gone a long way, when suddenly he stopped in the middle of the road.

'I'll go back,' he said to himself. 'She said she wished that she could help me, and I believe she meant it. Perhaps I can see her again; if I do—I'll ask her if she supposes there's any chance for such as me. If there is—I'll have it.'

Just as he turned to go back he heard a woman's voice crying piteously for help. The road was close to the railway track, and there, only a few rods from him, was a woman, her foot caught in some way between the tracks, and they could both hear the heavy rumble of an approaching train; it would be round the curve in a minute or two. There was not a minute to lose. The tramp sprang forward, caught the woman and hurled her from the track, trying at the same time to put himself out of the way.

But he missed his footing, and fell across the rail, and the heavy train thundered by.

He was badly mangled, and they saw at once there was no chance for him, so they laid him gently on the grass by the roadside.

He moaned feebly once, and some one bending over him heard him say, 'Mother—God—be—merciful.'

There was another little moan, and it was over.

'Oh, mamma!' said Sara, when she heard of it, 'that was my tramp, I'm sure. Don't you know I told you how sorry I was for him? I wish that I could have helped him; but he hadn't even touched his lunch, so my little effort was a complete failure.'

'Perhaps not, dear. It is a comfort to know that he thought of his mother and his God at the last, and it may be that your kindness and sympathy had touched his heart.'

'Well, I shall always feel as if he had blessed me—even if he did say he wasn't fit,' replied Sara.—'Canadian Churchman.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide,'
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,

Please send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

_____

'World Wide' has been recommended to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss

_____

_____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 24, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Canada and Naval Contribution—By W. D. Lighthall, in the 'Times,' London.
An Answer to Mr. W. D. Lighthall's Letter—The 'Times,' London.
A Visit to 'A Certain Place'—The Japanese Naval Base—Extracts from a Letter, by George Kennan, Special Correspondent of the New York 'Outlook,' in the Far East.
The Voyage of the 'Manshu Maru'—Reception by Admiral Togo—Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
A National Question—The Case of the Wee Kirk and the Free Kirk—The 'Westminster Budget.'
Roosevelt's Acceptance—Reviewing and Defending the Acts of his Administration—American Papers.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Early German Art—Notes on the Exhibition of 'Les Primitifs' at Dusseldorf—By C. H. B., in the New York 'Tribune.'
Fantin-Latour—A Painters' Painter—By S. D., Special Correspondent of the New York 'Evening Post' at Paris.
Fantin-Latour's 'Wedding at Cana'—Frederick Keppel, in the New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Children—Poem, by M. A., in the 'Spectator,' London.
First Glances at Miss Corelli's New Novel—The 'Daily News,' London.
Woman's Humor—'T. P.'s Weekly, London.
Authority and Liberty in Religion—The 'Spectator,' London.
Galignani's Messenger'—Passing of the Oldest Newspaper in the English Language Printed on the Continent—The New York 'Times.'
Planting for Winter Effect—By W. E. Egan, in the 'Floral World.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

American Business Men Too Slow, says Sir William Ramsay—The New York 'Times.'
American Manufacturers Reply to Sir William Ramsay—The New York Times.'
Turns on Its Own Pedestal—The Chicago 'Inter-Ocean.'
Science Notes.

A Clever Hedgehog.

I am sure everyone has seen a hedgehog with its funny prickly coat, but I don't think many people have kept one for a pet. We had one once, our dog found it in the woods, and we brought it home to eat up the black beetles in the kitchen. Cook soon got very fond of it, and used to feed it with sugar, and stroke it with a shovel because the prickles hurt her hands.

Well, one night after cook had gone to bed, she heard something scratching at her door, and when she went to open it in ran Mr. Hedgehog looking quite proud of himself. He had grown so fond of her that he had climbed two flights

of stairs, and found his way to her room. Wasn't he a clever little creature?

—D. C. Deck, in 'Our Little Dots.'

The New Friend.

(Elizabeth W. Wood, in 'Child's Companion.')

Harry and Margery were rather lonely little children. That is, they had no companions of their own age.

They had a kind mamma and papa, and a dear little dog, and a great many very pretty dollies, all of whom they loved very dearly, but they often wished that they had some merry, romping girls and boys to play with. There were not many houses near their own, and none of mamma's friends had any children so young as they were. So you see they couldn't help being rather lonely now and then.

The house next door to their own had stood empty for a very long time. No children had ever lived in it since Harry and Margery could remember (that was not very far back, however). But now it was empty, and they hoped very much that someone would come to live there who had a big family. They thought it would be so splendid to have some playmates next door.

At length, one day, mamma told them that a family whom she knew slightly were coming to live in the house. They started up in great excitement, and naturally the first question they asked was, 'Are there any children for us to play with?'

'Yes,' mamma replied, smiling, 'There is one little girl, who is nearly as old as Harry.'

The children danced about for joy, and began to wonder what the little girl would be like. They brought out all their picture-books to try and decide which picture she would be most like. It took them a long time to find one beautiful enough, but at last they fixed upon a very charming little fairy, who was in a large and pretty picture of the fairy queen's court.

From this time they loved to look at the picture, and made up all sorts of wonderful stories about the new play-fellow, who was to be exactly like this fairy. She was even to have gauze wings!

At last the time drew near for her coming, and the children could hardly wait for the happy moment when they were to see her for the first time.

One afternoon they went out for a walk in the lane in which their pretty home stood. Mamma was too busy to go with them, and she could not spare the maid; but having told them not to go out of sight of the house, she felt quite comfortable about them, for they always obeyed her in everything, little or great.

But this time they forgot what they were doing, and where they were going, for they were so deeply engaged in talking about the new little girl, that they had no thoughts for anything else. On they wandered, till they came to a very lonely part of the road, where there was a deep ditch, and Harry not looking where he was going, suddenly went falling over the bank, and found himself half buried in soft mud, before he knew what he had done.

There was no water in the ditch, but the mud was so deep and soft that Harry could not get out, and feeling himself sinking deeper and deeper, he screamed loudly. Margery joined him, but the road was very lonely, and if a strange little girl had not come running up, I don't know what would have happened to the poor children.

The little girl said eagerly, 'What is the matter? I heard someone screaming, and I made nurse let me come and see.'

Then turning to Margery she said, 'See! there is nurse, crossing that field. Go and meet her, and tell her to come quick, and I will hold your brother up till she comes.'

The little girl—who was strong and sturdy-looking, with dark eyes and black curls, and a rosy face—then caught hold of Harry's hand, and held him up till nurse came. He was quickly hauled out, and the children all ran home together.

But the most interesting part was still to come. For who should the little girl prove to be, but the new neighbor whom they had been expecting so eagerly.

As mother laughingly said, 'She hasn't got gauze wings after all, but I think she has proved to be a very real 'good fairy' to you two little people.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Talents.

'I remember,' said grandma, 'when I was a little girl of seven years old, my father kept a butler—a very solemn but a very kind old man.

'Every night, when, exactly as the clock struck eight, my aunt sent me out of the dining-room to go upstairs to bed myself—for little girls were brought up very strictly in those days—old Thomas was always waiting in the hall to hand me my little brass candlestick, to light me up the stairs to the room. I always said, "Good-night, Thomas." and he would reply in a very slow, solemn way, "Good-night, Miss Nannie; don't forget to take account of your servants."

'What he meant was this: My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother, nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

'One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer house in the very small back garden which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the "Talents."

'"Nannie," he said, "I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed, you will 'take account of your servants.'

'"There are many 'talents' God has given other children, and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you; but there are many 'talents' you have which some other children have not.

'"See here," he said, taking my little hand in his, "here are ten little fingers, and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat, brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now, these are all your servants, or 'talents,' given to you by God to use—while many little children are lame, or dumb, or deaf, or blind—and you are his little servant, and I want you every night to 'take account of your servants,' and find out if they have been pleasing God, or only pleasing yourself all through the day.

'"For all those servants of yours are 'talents,' or gifts, from God, and he is watching every day now what you give them to do, and one day he will make you give an account of their doings."

'And then, after I had promised to do as he told me, he kissed me and set me down, and away I ran to my kind old friend Thomas, to tell him in my own way all about what Uncle William had said.

'And from that time until my aunt took me away to live in the country, old Thomas never forgot every night to say, "Don't forget to take account of your servants, Miss Nannie." '—'Great Thoughts.'

Evil Habits Grow.

An Indian once brought up a young lion and finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength and became more unmanageable, until one day, excited with rage he fell upon the owner and tore him to pieces.

If we indulge in evil habits, they will so grow that at last they will quite master us and rend us.

An Adopted Mother.

Arthur Allen was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay-waggon and killed.

'What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?' he asked. 'They are out under a currant bush, all peeping for their mother.'

Mrs. Allen went out in the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

'They mustn't die,' said Arthur. 'I'll take care of them myself.'

He brought a basket and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allen went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat bin to look at the motherless little chickens.

There in one corner of the bin, hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens!

'I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mamma,' said Arthur. So, Mrs. Allen let the duster hang in the bin, and the thirteen little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar. Florence Hallowell Hoyt, in 'Youth's Companion.'

How Oft.

How oft in my dreams I go back
to the day
When I stood at our old wooden
gate,
And started to school in full battle
array,
Well armed with a primer and
slate.
And as the latch fell I thought my-
self free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whis-
pered to me—
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'
'Be a good boy; good-bye.' It seems
They have followed me all these
years;
They have given a form to my
youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears,
They have stayed my feet on many
a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and
think—
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'
Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of
life,
Just starting, or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the
strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each
of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In what-
ever occurs,
'Be a good boy; good-bye.'
—'Irish League Journal.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Why They Reformed.

'A group of handsome young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor, tottering tramp pushed open the door, and, with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly.

'"Come in, senator, and drown your cares in the flowing bowl," they said, jeeringly.

'"I will come, thank you," he said, "for I am cold and hungry."

'"Take this brandy, senator," they said to him mockingly, "and drink to our health."

'After swallowing the liquid, the tramp gazed at them an instant, and then he began to speak:

'"Gentlemen," he began, sadly, "I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of my life. I was, alas! a senator. My bloated face was once young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve, and then I quaffed it down. I had children, as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar, and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the mountain star, and I broke and bruised the beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day, I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

'"Young gentlemen," he said, as he passed out into the darkness, "whichever way you go—whether you follow your mothers', wives', and children's prayers, and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in heaven, or whether you become a saddened soul, forever lost, like me, I— wish you well!."'—Ex.

An Insidious Sin.

(The Rev. J. Watson ('Ian Maclaren').

The one reason why we have to guard against this sin of intemperance with such extraordinary care is the fact that it, of all sins, insinuates itself into the fibre of the nature. And immediately it begins to affect the character. Do not think of it as a robe that may have been slipped over you, and when it grows uncomfortable you will fling it off. It is a garment like that Hercules wore; it is soaked in every thread and fibre with poison, and the poison will soon begin to go into your system. It does not matter how honorable and straightforward a man is before he falls beneath the power of this vice. You are as simple as a child if you expect that in a year after, in that man, the very elements of virtue or of strength will remain. You know that is true, you know that there are men whose foreheads would once have mantled with a genuine blush if charged with falsehood; they would deny a fact now and look into your eye. And you know that that man will condescend to the low, despicable cunning of a savage; no ingenuity has ever been discovered short of absolute confinement that will restrain that man from ruining himself, and he will practise any amount of deceit to obtain the poison which is his destruction. His character begins just simply to crumble away, like the foundation of a house when the water is running beneath it. You cannot depend upon the word of a man who has fallen under the power of vice. This sin, comes into the house like a serpent. We can keep out any other sin, not this one. Your child, the little fellow who used to sit beside you, who used to nestle against you in the church—you see his face to-night; do you know where he is? He whom you loved, now an outcast. You are silent. What do you propose to do to counteract and destroy this terrible evil? Have you any plan? What do you propose to do to save your children from the power of this vice? How do you propose to save your friend? Are you just going to let him slip? It is worth all your thought, it is worth all your trouble, and all your pain. If you could rescue one single man or woman, although it is just about hopeless, rescue them. Try. If you could rescue one man or woman, it would be the greatest achievement of your life.

Prohibition Does Prohibition

Some people say it does not. When asked for proof of this assertion, they cite cases in which prohibitory laws are violated. It is because the violation is possible that the law is necessary. If no man would steal, we would need no law against theft. The evidence that liquor-selling does mischief even where it is prohibited, proves the wisdom of the prohibitory law.

It is not perhaps going too far to say that every law that exists, which is of any value, is violated. Often the extent of the violation is the measure of the usefulness of the law, because it is the expression of tendencies or conditions which make such a law needful.

Our restrictive license laws are useful, yet they are violated as persistently and extensively as are any prohibition laws that we know of. As compared with license laws, prohibitory laws might be taken as cases in which is proved the proverbial doctrine that 'Prevention is better than cure.' Here are some sensible remarks upon this subject, taken from a recent issue of 'Forward,' the Nova Scotia organ of the Sons of Temperance:

'Labor expended in proving that laws are violated as evidence that laws are of no great value is wasted energy. Such evidence, however conclusive, does not touch the point at issue, affords no test of the value of the law at all. If it is possible to prohibit, and thus prevent evil temporarily, and the exercise of such power is beneficial, the further exercise of such power is not only possible, but the demand for it is imperative.

'That the State can prohibit, and thus prevent, has been proved over and over again. Whenever and wherever it has exercised that power in relation to the liquor traffic, the evils of strong drink have been diminished thereby.

No sale after hours, no sale on election days, no sale during labor strikes, no sale on Sundays—prohibitory laws—are universally conceded to be beneficial. No sale any day, infinitely better, is the inevitable conclusion of the whole matter. Proof that such laws are violated indicates the necessity for a change of administration. Only that and nothing more.

'If the license laws, high and low, were antagonized by a rich, powerful, and tireless energy in the same way that prohibition laws are fought, if the truth about license was as vigorously and as widely disseminated as the trade's lies about prohibition, the death knell, the death sentence, and its execution applied to the license system would be swift and sure. Yes it would.'—'The Pioneer.'

The Curse of Strong Drink--Two Examples.

Strong drink is the devil's most useful instrumentality, because it captures and enslaves the brightest and ablest of people. Perhaps the saddest part is that the innocent suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty. A lady had a beautiful baby boy whom she loved very dearly. One day the baby was taken suddenly ill, and its mother set off at once for the doctor. But, sad to say, the doctor had been drinking, and when he reached the lady's house his brain was too stupid to remember rightly what he ought to do for the poor baby. He gave the wrong medicine, and the baby died. That was the curse of strong drink. A farmer went to market, and on the way he was tempted to go into a public-house with his companions. He stayed so long and drank so much that his brain became stupid, and when he got to market he made a very foolish bargain, and lost a lot of money. His trouble was caused by strong drink.—'Temperance Leader.'

The Nation's Foe.

(J. Gray Waddell, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

HIS WAR-CHEST.

Close up your ranks. The foe is in the field,
Strong, insidious, the nation's deadliest foe,
Grown great in power—such power as comes from gold
That's stained and cankered with the blood of men,
With tears and agonies from tortured lives,
And sobbing grief that bursts from broken hearts,
From ruined homes, from workhouse, jail, and gibbet.
Gold such as this his weighty war-chest holds
In untold heaps—the spoil of many years
Lured from his slaves and fools, from rich and poor.
Relentless, merciless, without a pang
He sees the wreck and downfall of the strong,
Nor heeds the cry of suffering, starving child.

HIS FORCES.

If strong in gold, yet strong in numbers too
His mighty hybrid host o'erspreads the land,
Quartering in hamlet, town and city,
Yea, in each street, and lane, and wretched slum
Sejant, but yet alert and unabashed
Behind palatial bars and squalid den,
To wile the weaklings, and backboneless men
Who boast they're free to keep their courage up,
Yet sign their bondage at each house of call,
And kill their freedom while they say they're free.
Mighty in gold and numbers, yet a host
Swollen with hirelings and self-fettered slaves,
With some camp-followers of doubtful mind,
And some who prate of what is 'just and fair'
While on 'the fence' they sit and view the field,
But ever ready in their place and way,
On questions vital to the nation's good,
To vote, and cheer, and stimulate the foe,
By blatant calls for 'justice' to his hosts.

HIS ALLIES.

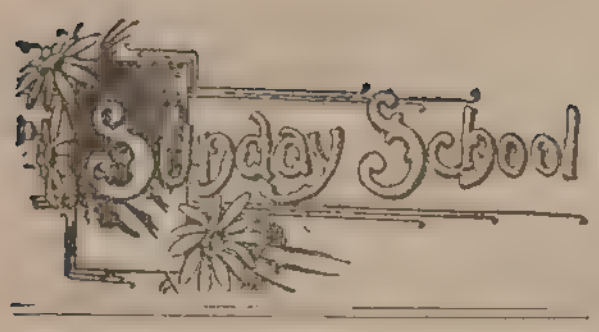
Thus armed, arrayed against the nation's weal,
He ceases not his impudent demand
For further rights, that never can be his,
Except with damage to the public good;
And yet, for such a sordid foe as this
Allies are found in foremost ranks of state,
High in the nation's councils, great in power,
Who cringe and whimper, and 'lie down' in fear
Before his clamor, and his spurious claims—
Men, whose high office 'tis to guard the State
From all iniquity, and lead the people
Into paths of righteousness and honor!
To these, alas! the nation looks in vain,
And sees with wonder, and a blush of shame,
Their weak surrender to a crafty foe.

OUR DEFENDERS.

But be not ye dismayed who face the foe.
Ye have your stalwarts, men who keep the field
Against all comers—brave and wise in fight;
While in your rank and file, the nation's best
Stand ready, vigilant in watch and guard,
To fight or foil this enemy of men.
To these be praise and help and honor given,
Forgetting not the while the prize the strength
That goodly names and members ever bring,
But still remembering more, the greater strength
That lives inherent in the cause itself—
The sacred strength of righteousness and truth,
The seal and surety that it will prevail.
But, do we pray enough?

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



LESSON III.—OCTOBER 16.

Elisha and the Shunammite.

II. Kings iv., 25-37.

Golden Text.

The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Romans vi., 23.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 10.—II. Kings iv., 8-24.
Tuesday, Oct. 11.—II. Kings iv., 25-37.
Wednesday, Oct. 12.—II. Kings viii., 1-16.
Thursday, Oct. 13.—I. Kings xvii., 17-24.
Friday, Oct. 14.—John xi., 33-44.
Saturday, Oct. 15.—Acts ix., 32-42.
Sunday, Oct. 16.—Acts xx., 1-12.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Elisha we find still doing good among the people. Last week he helped the widow by the miraculous provision of oil. To-day we learn of the restoration of a dead boy to life and to his mother through the prayer of the prophet.

The incidents leading up to this lesson are found in the preceding portion of the chapter. A hospitable woman living at Shunem, in the fertile valley of Esdraelon, some ten or twelve miles eastward from Mount Carmel, had noticed that Elisha frequently passed that way, and had entertained him at her home. Afterward she and her husband had built a guest chamber, and furnished it, for the comfort of the prophet, and Elisha had gladly availed himself of this hospitality.

Upon one occasion the prophet had sent for this Shunammite woman, and, after expressing his gratitude, asked if he could not speak a good word for her to the king or the commander of the army. In Oriental lands today such a favor is highly esteemed. But this good woman was content where she was, and had no favors to ask at court.

Upon inquiring of his servant, Gehazi what could be done for her, Elisha was told that she was childless. Thereupon the prophet at once promised that in about a year she should 'embrace a son.' To an Eastern woman, for whom it was and is considered very detrimental to be childless, this news seemed too good to be true. But it came to pass as Elisha had said.

Then came into that home one of those mysteries of God's providence that so often perplex us. The boy, when several years old, went into the field during harvest, and suffered what would appear to have been a sunstroke, from which he died.

In her great grief and concern the mother, after laying the body upon the prophet's bed, set out herself to Mount Carmel to find Elisha. Our lesson takes up the story at this point.

THE MEETING WITH THE PROPHET.

25. 'So she went and came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite:

26. 'Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.

27. 'And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet; but Gehazi came near to thrust her away. And the man of God said, Let her alone: for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me.'

The very first thing you notice here is that 'she went.' The mother did not send a servant, while she remained in silent grief by the body; but through the fierce heat of the valley of Esdraelon, that is said to glow like a furnace in the summer, she toiled toward Mount Carmel that she might seek the prophet and plead for her son's restoration.

We do not believe in outward penance, in bodily tortures self inflicted, to show one's sincerity. Nevertheless successful prayer must be accompanied by the spirit that does not stop to count the cost in suffering if only its desire is granted.

Elisha saw her coming and at once recognized her. Realizing that only a matter of great importance would bring her on this journey, he sends his servant to inquire after her welfare and that of her family.

The woman's answer, 'It is well,' must not be taken as a falsehood. It was simply the formal answer to the servant's inquiry. So far as she had any dealing with Gehazi, the customary polite answer to the usual question as to one's welfare would do. She was in haste to lay her errand before the prophet; a mere acknowledgment would suffice for the servant.

Note that Elisha stood as the voice of God, and to him directly the poor mother was to appeal. No go-between would do.

Elisha perceived that she was deeply suffering, and that God had not yet revealed the cause to him. God chose to make the woman herself the bearer of the news. The long journey with the unspoken prayer nearly bursting her heart had its spiritual blessings.

A DETERMINED MOTHER.

28. 'Then she said, Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?

29. 'Then he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child.

30. 'And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose, and followed her.'

The bereaved mother at first asks, 'Did I desire a son?' that is, she reminds him that the son was given her without any importuning, on her part. The child was a free and a willing gift, why was he snatched away from her again?

This is one of the great mysteries. Why are things that so greatly bless our lives given to us freely, and then, without apparent cause, taken away? The trouble, in such cases, is that we do not look at the matter broadly enough. We see only our immediate wants and prospects, the matters of this life. God is looking at us as at beings who have begun an eternity, and is seeking to provide for our spiritual necessities and prepare for our eternal welfare. He asks for our faith in his love and wisdom, and assures us that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'

Elisha now perceives the woman's trouble, and sends his servant with his staff to lay upon the child. Note the haste. Gehazi was not to engage in the time wasting salutations of Orientals, but was to go with utmost speed.

But the mother had come for Elisha, and and she would not leave for home unless he went also. Then the prophet yielded, and followed her.

AN OUTWARD PERFORMANCE AND A PRAYER.

31. 'And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice, nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked.

32. 'And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed.

33. 'He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.

34. 'And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hand upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm.

35. 'Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes.'

The servant faithfully followed out instructions, but without result. When Elisha comes and sees the child dead, his first act is to shut the door that, alone with the dead, he may lay the case before the Lord. Going to the bed he placed his own body, pulsing with life, upon that of the boy, as though to use every natural means to warm the cold form and restore the circulation.

Then the prophet paced up and down, as though in prayer and meditation. The answer to his first prayer was slow in coming. Perhaps Elisha also was having a spiritual test and lesson.

But there had been signs of life, and he returns to stretch himself upon the child again. This time the boy sneezed and opened his eyes. The work of the prophet was successful.

A SON RESTORED.

36. 'And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunammite. So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son.

37. 'Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out.'

The mother's persistence had won at last. She would not rest until she had the man of God himself in her house. The servant, who later showed himself to lack common honesty, accomplished nothing even though sent by the prophet. But the earnest prayer of the man of God availed, and the boy, living and well, is given into his mother's arms.

To make her joy more complete, Elisha calls her to come, instead of sending the boy to her, and from the bed on which she had laid the lifeless form, she caught up her living boy.

It takes, in the wisdom of God, long journeys, and fatigue, and persistence, and the trial of various means, and the resort to prayer, to accomplish even the noblest ends. It is his way, let us be content, and rejoice that, after all, his best blessing remains for the faithful, persevering soul.

The lesson for October 23 is, 'Elisha and Naaman.' II. Kings v., 1-14.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 16.—Topic—The power of personal influence. John i., 35-39.

Junior C. E. Topic.

REVERENCE.

Monday, October 10.—Moses and his brethren. Ex. ii., 11-14.

Tuesday, October 11.—From the palace to the desert. Ex. ii., 15-25.

Wednesday, October 12.—God's call to Moses. Ex. iii., 1-10.

Thursday, October 13.—Moses' choice. Heb. xi., 24-27.

Friday, October 14.—Joshua's lesson in reverence. Josh. v., 13-15.

Saturday, October 15.—Moses taught reverence. Acts vii., 30-33.

Sunday, October 16.—Topic—A lesson in reverence. Ex. iii., 5.

Jesus felt more at home in the church than any place he had ever been, because he had been reared in a healthy, right relation to God as his loving Father, and the temple was his Father's house. Religion was not with him a system of 'keep-off-the-grass' prohibitions and restraints. God stood for all that he enjoyed and loved and hoped for his nation, and to be happier than he was, he must know more about God, and so he asked questions of the doctors. Why shouldn't we make the boy's sports, and his reading, and his singing, and his eating, and his school life, mean so many pathways leading to a knowledge of the love of his Father in heaven?—John F. Cowan.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

HOUSEHOLD.

Ministry of Little Things in the Sick Room.

One of the luxuries of invalid life is a flannel wash-cloth. To a sensitive person who dreads and shrinks from the touch of a wet linen or cotton cloth, the substitution of a wash-cloth of soft baby-flannel will oftentimes serve to render the bath agreeable, if not positively enjoyable. It should be made of two or three thicknesses of the flannel lightly tacked together, and should not be larger than the nurse's hand can hold.

Another desirable article for one who is long confined to the bed, is a light print wrapper, to be worn through the day instead of a night-dress. One who has tried it says that the first of many reasons for appreciating it is that it enables her to put her arms outside the bed-clothes, or step from the bed to the chair, without having any of that undressed feeling she is always conscious of when clad in a night-dress. To insure its being comfortable and in no way burdensome, it should be cut by the night-dress pattern. In cold weather it may be worn over the night-dress.

A little thing which has long made a very bright spot in one sickroom is a tiny bunch of flowers, in a small vial, fastened to an invisible tack in the head-board of the bedstead, just over the invalid's pillow. The vial is suspended from the tack by means of a thread tied round its neck. The flowers conceal the thread and the tack, and not seldom hide the vial also. The little bouquet is so very small that even in winter it may be renewed, day by day, from the window plants.—'The Canadian Baptist.'

The Care of Lamps.

A reader desires a good method for cleaning lamps, so that they will give a clear, brilliant, steady light. She says she is going to live in the country, but has been reared in a city, and knows practically nothing about taking care of lamps, but that she and her husband read quite a good deal at night.

The Constant Reader is right in desiring a good light, for an ill-kept lamp is not only dreary looking and depressing, but it is unhealthy and bad for the eyes. The common kerosene lamp which is used in almost every household, will give a clear, lovely light if cared for properly.

First of all use the best of head light oil and fill the bowl of your lamp full of oil. Use none but the best burners, wash them often and to keep the lamp chimneys from breaking put them in a pan of cold water, set them on the stove and let the water come to a boil, then let them stay in the water until it is cold.

To clean the chimneys, wash them in a warm suds of pearline and rain water, and rinse in clear water and polish lastly with tissue paper. They will shine clear as a crystal. Fill and clean the lamps every morning, and they will be a source of delight to every one.—S. H. Henton, in the New York 'Observer.'

Taking the Children Into Partnership.

A lady was recently speaking of her plan to keep all business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—'that they might be free to enjoy themselves as long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility.' 'But will that really add to their happiness in the long run?' asked an older mother, dissentingly. 'We have always tried to take our children into partnership—to have them share our plans and interests, and let them know what we are trying to do and what we have to live on. It seems to me that successes are more valued if they come as something one has hoped for and helped to work for; and retrenchments are more easily borne if they are intelligently agreed upon in the family council instead of forced upon the younger members with only the bald statement that we cannot afford this or that. It strengthens the family tie if the children feel that it is our home, our business and our interests; if they know that their opinion is considered and that their votes count; it is a means of education in wisdom, self-control and unselfishness. Life's best good for all of us lies in its discipline; not in escaping its burdens, but in learning to bear them.'—'Leslie's Weekly.'

Dollar values.

A dollar bill is easy to remit and will pay for :—

Daily Witness
World Wide
Northern Messenger } **All for 3 Months.**

Or it will pay for :—

Weekly Witness
World Wide
Northern Messenger } **All for 6 Months.**

Or it will pay for any of the following :—

Daily Witness for four months.
Weekly Witness for one year.
World Wide for one year.

These offers are good anywhere in the following countries :—

Postpaid to Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Transvaal, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, New Zealand, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

Postal Union Countries other than the above. Also City of Montreal and suburbs, postage extra.

For the convenience of the remitter the following blank may be filled in and wrapped around the dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, ——— ——— 1904.

Dear Sirs,—

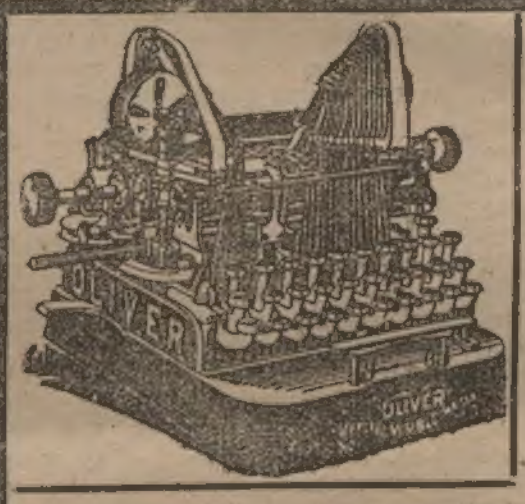
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for which please send me

The Daily Witness for ———months,
The Weekly Witness for ———months,
World Wide for ———months,
The Northern Messenger for ———months,

as in your offer of Dollar values

Remitter's name .....

and adddress .....



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER

FACTORY is now being removed to more commodious and suitable premises.

THE OLIVER is the most largely sold typewriting machine in the world to-day.

THE OLIVER is a Canadian machine through its inventor, and its being manufactured in Canada as well as in the United States.

THE OLIVER, being manufactured in Canada, pays no duty as all other Standard machines do.

THE OLIVER is the **Standard Visible** writing machine,

The record of THE OLIVER has never been equalled.

Active and reliable agents are wanted, to whom will be given steady employment if found competent.

You should send for our SPECIAL OFFER.

CANADIAN OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

Poultry.

The interest that the farmer takes in his poultry is slowly but surely increasing, and it has got so now that on nearly every farm you can readily see that the owner prides himself by making a specialty of either fancy poultry or eggs, and, best of all, the 'hobby' amounts to something in a financial way at the end of the year. I know of one farmer who, with not quite sixty hens, has been selling a little over two dollars' worth of eggs every week since the latter part of the month of March, and the cost of feed furnished the hens has not been worth counting, as they have only received leavings and the sweepings.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Correspondence

Clanwilliam.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I take great pleasure in reading the short stories in it. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on February 2. I have gone four summers to school. I am in the third book, and have two miles to walk. We have a little town four and a half miles from us. and it has the C.N.R. running through it. I have four head of cattle. My father is a plasterer. I have to run the farm the best way I can. I have a little dog, and her name is Fido; she is a good dog for the cattle.

ARTHUR J.

Galbraith.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old. We take the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger,' and could not do without them. This is my third letter to the 'Messenger,' and I have never yet seen one in print. I live in the County of Lanark. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have eight milking cows and three horses. We have forty-five turkeys and about fifty chickens. My father is a great fisherman. He has been at Taylor's Lake three times, and brought home fifteen big fish. One of them I guess will weigh about 10 pounds. My birthday is on August 3. I belong to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss G. Our school teacher's name is Miss C. There are fourteen scholars going to school. We put up a new cook-house this summer. I think I will write to the 'Messenger' again if I see this letter in print. SARAH J. McK.

West Gravenhurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in a country two miles from the town. We have just started to receive the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. We all like to read it very much. We have a library in connection with our Sunday-school. We have an organ in our Sunday-school, and we also have one in our home; I am in my third term in music. My birthday is on September 24. My sister Margaret's birthday is on March 11, and I hope you will accept me as one of your circle.

C. L. (aged 12).

Bailieboro P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to the 'Messenger,' as I have never seen a letter from Bailieboro. I am eleven years old. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. Mine is on Nov. 4. I am in the Senior Third Reader at school. I go to Lake View School. The lake is near the school, and we often go down to it. I have two sisters and two brothers. I have one big brother who passed the entrance this summer. He is going to college. I am taking music lessons now. My teacher's name is Miss B., from Bewdley; and our school teacher's name is Miss B., from Bewdley, too. She is my music teacher's chum. I go to the Sunday-school at Bensford, and my teacher's name is Miss C. We have a little pup which we call Colia; he will play like anything, but he is a little tease. I have started a letter to the 'Messenger' twice before, but never posted them. So this is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We play at school in the winter time, sleigh-riding, sliding, skating and other games. We play in the summertime baseball and other games. I would like any other little girl to correspond with me. Last summer I went away out to my Aunt Hattie's in Cavan. We drove about sixteen miles and got there before dinner. I had a very good time, for there were a lot of girls living right around there about my own age, and we had great times together. I often used to go over to their houses and stay for a time. And they often used to visit me. I write to all of them. I went to Sunday-school while I was there, but I didn't get the 'Messenger,' and I felt lonesome without it. I have one grandma, but no grandpa's. I have also a lot of uncles, aunts and cousins. I hope to see this letter in print, because I will watch the Correspondence Page pretty close to see if it is there. I have read quite a number of books, some of which are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Adventures in India,' 'Seven Poor Travellers,' 'Rhoda's Victory,' 'Christmas Chimes,' 'Cities of Refuge,' 'The Fisherman's Boy,' 'Every Cloud has a Silver Lining,' 'What Katy did at School,' 'What Katy did Next,' 'What Katy did at School and Home,' 'What Katy did in the Field,' etc. I like to read the letters with the names of the books they have read in, so I can see if I have read any of the same books as other readers of the 'Messenger.' Well, I guess that I will close, wishing you every success with your work. Z. E. P.

Belleville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of some friends at Westmount, I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger.' We all think it is an interesting little paper. I am living at a pretty little place called Belleville, situated on the Bay of Quinte. We go rowing, fishing, etc., on this bay, which is considered very safe. There are many islands and small places just within rowing distance, and many people take a boat and go carousing round for a whole day at a time. The city made a tiny park on an island, upon which the Rathbun Co., a few years ago, had a saw mill. This island is situated right at the mouth of the harbor, and the park makes a pleasant resting-place in the hot weather. I would like to tell the girls and boys of a fine trip I took with a friend this summer. We went to Montreal by train, where friends met us and took us to their home at Westmount. The boys of the family entertained me royally. They took me to the Laurentian Baths, a fine large building with concrete bottom, filled with water of the right temperature, where we swam and dived to our heart's content. I wish very much we had one in Belleville. Then the boys' father took us, a party of twelve, to Lachine, one evening, to meet one of his tugs, which we boarded and sailed down through the locks, which we boys found very enjoyable, watching the gates open allowing us to pass through. We also had many trips on the mountain, and we went over an ocean liner and saw the man-of-war and many other sights which I fear I cannot tell about here. We stayed away a month, then returned up the river by steamer. I had always longed to sleep on a boat, so had a chance, as we were two nights and days before we reached Belleville. I saw a letter in your columns from F. T. C. I am glad his and his brother's pets are flourishing, especially the rabbits, and, the best pet of all, little Ada. I have two rabbits which are very tame, and the only pets I have excepting a dear little sister five years old. There are plenty more things that I would like to write about, but my letter may be too long, dear editor. I am a boy twelve years old, and I am in the fourth reader at school.

H. O. W.

Macdonald, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen the 'Messenger' once, and I liked it so much that I thought I would write a letter to it. I will be ten years old on January 6. I go to school, and am in the third book. I have to walk two miles to school. I live on a farm about twelve miles from Portage. I have five brothers, the youngest one being nineteen. I have a sister who is married, and one sister who died. I have no one to play with, but I read a lot of books, and that keeps me busy. I close, a friend of the 'Messenger.' P. C.

Olds, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would try and write a short letter, as I have nothing else to do, and I feel rather lonesome. My brother takes the 'Messenger.' Our school teacher, Miss S. M. C., subscribed for it for him. Our home is eight miles south-east of Olds, and is situated forty miles west of the Knee Hill coal mines. We have nineteen head of horses, and about seventy head of cattle. I have two brothers and one sister, who are all younger than I am. I was twelve years old on July 20. I received my Bible in first-class order, and I think it is very nice. I am trying for another for a birthday present for a chum of mine. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I guess I will have to close, and hope to see this letter in print. L. K.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Trained to Politeness.

A woman tells of a monkey which she saw while in Paris which was so well trained in good manners that it was almost impossible to believe that he did not understand what was said to him. The Japan 'Weekly Mail' describes the animal's accomplishments as follows:—

When the woman met the monkey suddenly on the stairs one day the creature stood in the corner to allow her to pass, and when she said 'Good morning!' he took off his cap and bowed.

'Are you going away?' she asked. 'Where is your pass?' Pulling off his cap, he took from the crown a paper, opened it, and then showed it to her. When some one observed that her dress was dusty, the courteous monkey took a brush from the table, and carefully brushed her dress and then her shoes.

When any one gave him food he always made a low bow before taking it, and then ate it slowly and daintily. He had been taught to eat eggs with a spoon, and to use a knife and fork. He could lock and unlock a drawer, thread a needle, uncork a bottle, and polish his master's shoes. He seemed to take great pleasure in gay company, and he paid close attention to the conversation, looking in turn at each speaker as if he understood what was said.

This remarkable monkey was never placed on exhibition. He died at an early age, of pneumonia.—'Temperance Leader.'

The Rabbit a Coward.

Here is a little talk between a boy who is a great hunter for his age, and a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes depends upon the way things are looked at: 'A rabbit,' said the young hunter, 'is the most awful coward there is in the world. My! How he does run from a hunter!'

'So you think that the rabbit is a coward?'

'Why, of course.'

'Well, let us "suppose a little." Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall.'

'Well?'

'And had good, strong, swift legs.'

'Yes.'

'And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?'

'What should I do? I should streak it like lightning.'

'I think you would, and I think, too, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward.'

Between Bob and Tom.

'Bob,' said Tom, 'which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?'

'It's stumbled,' said Tom, 'because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letters.'

'Good!' said Bob. 'Which is the longest English word?'

'Valetudinarianism,' said Tom promptly.

'No, it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letters.'

'Oh, that's nothing,' said Tom. 'I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending.'

'What's that?' asked Bob faintly.

'Beleaguered,' said Tom.—'The Children's Friend.'

Things You Can Do.

You can be a burden or a help.

You can always find something useful to do if you try.

You can always find time to do the thing you want to do most.

You can make people like or dislike you, whichever you choose.

You can always get along in life with less than you think you can.

You can always find time to keep your clothes tidy, trim and neat.

You can be very nearly what you want to be, provided you will.

You can do about anything you start to do, provided you are willing to give up everything that would hinder, and work hard enough.—'S. S. Messenger'

WE WANT YOUR MONEY

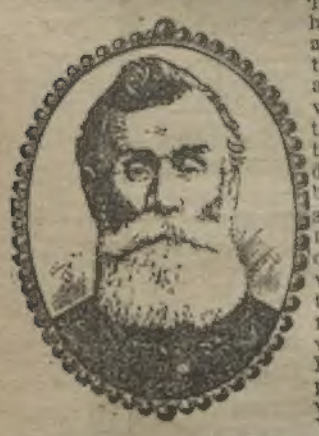
BUT not until you can say "Here is the dollar. You deserve it," not until we HAVE EARNED IT, not until you are WILLING to send it to us, not until you want to send it to us, not until you are SATISFIED to pay it, not until we HAVE PROVEN TO YOU that we have what we claim, not until VITÆ-ORE HAS DONE FOR YOU WHAT YOU WANT IT TO DO FOR YOU. Until then, you pay us NOTHING. After that you will be willing to pay, GLAD TO PAY, as hundreds of the readers of this paper, yes, thousands, have been willing and glad to pay. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE. We leave it to you entirely for you to decide. If you can say that we, and Vitæ-Ore, have earned your money, we want your money, as we say at the top, but NOT OTHERWISE. How can you refuse to give this most remarkable of all remarkable remedies—a natural, curing and healing mineral ore—a trial on the terms of such a LIBERAL OFFER? If you need medical treatment of any kind, if you are sick and ailing, if anyone in your family is ailing, poorly, worn out, sickly, it is actually a sin and a shame if you do not send for Vitæ-Ore upon the terms of this thirty-day trial offer. Read the offer! Read it again and again! Send for the medecine! Do it to-day! Each day lost makes a case older, obstinate, harder, hurts you more, pains you more. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. You are to be the judge.

BEST DOCTORS FAIL.

HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE FOR 30 YEARS, DROPSY 20 YEARS, AND RHEUMATISM 12 YEARS.

Vitæ-Ore Triumphs Astonishingly After All These Long Years of Sickness.

In 1867 I was taken with Kidney Trouble and could not do any farm work. I continued in this condition for so long, although I tried many remedies, that it developed into Dropsy, and I have been more or less in a dropsical state for the past 20 years, at times most alarmingly so.



To add to my already heavy burden, I was attacked with Rheumatism some 11 or 12 years ago, and this has been with me almost continuously since that time. I had the best doctors in the country, having continually searched and expended money to bring about a cure if such a thing were possible, but all to no avail. I also tried my share of all the advertised treatments, as I supposed every sick person does and must, with the same results. When I first learned of Vitae Ore I had tried so long and so fruitlessly that I laughed at the claims set forth, but as I investigated further and found that it was not a man-made compound, but a natural mineral ore, mined from a deposit, I grew interested in it and decided to at least give it a trial. I commenced taking Vitae-Ore three months ago and still take it, and am now as well and free from all these troubles as I ever expected to be and more. Vitae-Ore is certainly a powerful remedy and I only wish that I had learned of it when it was first placed upon the market. It almost makes me heart-sick to think of all the great suffering, pain and illness I could have saved, and the ability I could have had to do all I wanted to do. No ailing person should pass by the opportunity to try it when it is offered to them.

D. L. STRAIN, Shannon City, Iowa.

Middle-Aged and Elderly People Should Use It.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as VITAE-ORE becomes each year more and more manifest. As is generally known, all through life there is a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system, marking the transition from the soft, gelatinous condition of infancy to the hard, osseous condition of old age. These calcareous deposits naturally interfere with the functions of the VITAL ORGANS, and when they become excessive and resist expulsion, result in the dryness and stiffness of old age. In early life these deposits are thrown off, but age has not the power to do so unless assisted by some outside stimulant. VITAE ORE, apart from its powerful disease curing, health-restoring action, is just the IDEAL STIMULANT for middle-aged, elderly people, in that it enters the blood, dissolves the hard calcareous matter, and almost entirely eradicates the ossific deposits so much dreaded by old people. IT ENRICHES THE BLOOD with the necessary hematinic properties, drives all foreign matter from the circulation and prolongs vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the 'Northern Messenger' or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full sized ONE DOLLAR package of VITAE-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. READ this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only WHEN IT HAS DONE YOU GOOD, AND NOT BEFORE. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITAE-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance — mineral—ORE—mined from the ground, like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years of oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, BLOOD POISONING, HEART TROUBLE, DROPSY, CATARRH and THROAT AFFECTIONS, LIVER, KIDNEY and BLADDER AILMENTS, STOMACH and FEMALE DISORDERS, LA GRIPPE, MALARIAL FEVER, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, AND GENERAL DEBILITY, AS THOUSANDS TESTIFY, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. VITAE-ORE has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITAE-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' if you will give it a trial. SEND FOR A $1 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHOM VITAE-ORE CANNOT BENEFIT. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure, and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try VITAE-ORE on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. WE MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY in this announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailment, and mention the 'Northern Messenger,' so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

Afflicted for Over Ten Years—No Other Medicine Could Do the Work—Three Packages of Vitæ-Ore Proves to Be a Positive Cure.

I have been in a most unhappy condition with Salt Rheum for the last ten or eleven years, and during that time I have used several medicines, in fact, a great many, in the hope of obtaining a cure, none of which brought me any great relief. The last remedy which I took before I made use of Vitae-Ore simply did me no good at all. I heard that there was a medicine called Vitae-Ore, which was known to have cured cases of Salt Rheum in my neighborhood, and I immediately sent for a package on trial. The thirty days' use of the medicine made possible by the trial terms greatly relieved the trouble, and it alone was enough to do more good than any treatment I had previously used. I sent for two more packages, the use of which has completely cured me. I would like all people who are suffering from this ailment to know about my cure, in order that they may take this wonderful medicine. Although I used the Vitae-Ore only for the purpose of curing Salt Rheum, I find that after taking the three packages my general health is much improved, and that I feel much better and stronger than I formerly did, I am recommending Vitae-Ore wherever I find the opportunity.

MRS. P. MALLETTE, Coulonge, Que.

WOMEN Are you afflicted with any of the innumerable diseases which are so common and prevalent among your sex? We cannot mention them in this small space, but let us assure you that VITAE-ORE is the true 'Balm of Gilead' to every sufferer and the many diseased conditions which unfit women for the full enjoyment of life and its duties may be at once alleviated and permently eradicated by the use of this wonderful remedy.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

WRITE FOR IT!

This announcement won't cure you! The reading of it won't ease your aches and pains. The medicine advertised WILL, but if you NEED it, if you WANT it, you MUST WRITE FOR IT. We have it and are willing to send it to you ON trial, AT OUR RISK, YOU TO BE THE JUDGE but we cannot know that you need it, that you want it, unless you write to us and tell us to send it to you.

How many times have you seen OUR TRIAL OFFER in this paper? How many times have you THOUGHT you would answer it and send for a package on trial, AT OUR RISK? Now suit the action to the THOUGHT and write for it to-day. THOUSANDS have done what we ask you to do and are not sorry for having done it. You do it NOW! YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

NOT A PENNY UNLESS BENEFITED!

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address:

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, N. M., DEPT., YONGE ST., Toronto.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U.S. and its Colonies (excepting Cuba), Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Honkkong, Cyprus, Fiji, Jamaica, Malta, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibraltar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

While the Publishers of the 'Messenger' exercise all possible care in excluding from its columns all financial and other advertisements of a doubtful or suspicious nature, and in accepting only such as they believe to be genuine and bona-fide, it must be understood that they in no way guarantee these advertisements, and must leave their readers to exercise their own discretion in the way of putting faith in them.

SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING FREE

Send name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 7 of our new fancy Lace and Embroidery Collars to sell at 15c. each. They are made from fine quality material, in the newest styles, and are the latest fashion in neckwear for women and children. The regular price of these beautiful collars is 25c., but in order to get them quickly introduced, we are selling them this month for only 15c. each. They sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring elegantly finished in 14k. Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Address **The Home Art Co.,** Dept. 430 Toronto, Ont.

Handsome Presents FREE
SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid **7 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shape Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.,** and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one.** return the money, and for your trouble we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring,** Solid Gold-finished, and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold-finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Lockets. This is a grand chance. Don't miss it. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 1440, TORONTO**

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler **Free.** Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 15c each only 8 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets, each consisting of a beautiful Gold filigree heart shaped locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. Write us a **Post Card** today and we will send the Lockets postpaid. A Certificate worth 50c given free with each Locket. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 462, Toronto.**

TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Cinderella** and **Alice in Wonderland,** are the new arrivals from far away dollland, and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-half feet tall.**

Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

Alice in Wonderland is a handsome **brunette beauty doll,** with dark curly ringlets, bisque head, lace-trimmed dress, hat, shoes, stockings, etc., complete.

Girls, would you like to own Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **sixteen turnover collars,** handsomely made of fine quality lawn and lace, to sell at **15c each.** They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell at sight. When sold return us the money and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a beautiful Opal Ring as an extra present if you write to us at once.

Remember, you will receive the **two dolls,** Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, for disposing of **only sixteen** collars at **15c each.** The Home Art Co., Dept. 488 Toronto.

Alice in Wonderland

The Latest Style

Handsome Fur Scarfs FREE to Ladies and Girls

We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 14 of our handsome Turnover Collars at 15c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. is given free with each one.) These collars represent the latest fashion in neckwear. They are handsomely made of the finest quality lawn and lace, and are fully worth 25c. You can sell them all in a few minutes at only 15c. each. We trust you. Send us your name and address and we will mail the collars postpaid. When sold, return the money, and we will send you a handsome Ladies' or Girls' Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer, when the furriers were not busy. This is a grand chance to get a beautiful warm fur for the winter without spending one cent. Write at once and we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Muff FREE, as an extra present. Address, **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 489 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 7 of our Turnover Collars made of beautiful Lace and fine Lawn, worth 25c., at 15c each. They are the latest fashion in neckwear and sell like hot cakes. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Collars we will give you an opportunity to get, an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size free in addition to the Ring. Address at once The Home Art Co., Dept. 491 Toronto

GINSENG Fortunes in this plant. Easily grown. Roots and seeds for sale. Room in your garden. Plant in Fall. Booklet and Magazine 4c.
OZARK GINSENG CO., DEPT. V, 20, JOPLIN, MO.

Boys! Earn a Big STEAM ENGINE and a 14k GOLD WATCH in a Few Minutes

by selling only 16 of our Oriental Arabian Perfumed Gold Lockets at 15c. each. You can easily do it in a few minutes. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw. Each one consists of a beautiful Gold Filigree Locket enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world. They look so beautiful and smell so nice that everybody buys. With each Locket we give a certificate worth 50c. **free.** When sold, return the money, and we will send you **free** this elegant watch that cannot be told from a $25.00 solid Gold one. It has a heavy Gold laid beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. We will also give a real big powerful steam engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, Russian Iron Burner compartment, etc., etc., **free,** as an extra Present for promptness, in addition to the Gold Watch. This is a grand chance. Don't waste your time and money answering advertisements of unreliable firms who do not carry out their promises. Write to us and you will be treated right. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 478, TORONTO.**

BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every Week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'